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Before we build another stadium...

The Candlestick swindle

San Francisco has its quota of great untold stories, but few can match the Candlestick Park Swindle in the extent of financial hanky panky, the wide involvement of political and business leaders and the consuming myopia of the local press.

Here, on the eve of another move to build another ballpark, is the first complete account of how our first baseball stadium came to be generally acknowledged in just 10 years as the wrong building, built in the wrong place, with more money than was involved in the 1906 graft prosecutions:

- ◆ A ball park, billed as costing the taxpayers \$5 million, skyrocketed to \$15 million in the year of its construction.
- ◆ HENRY E. North, foreman of the San Francisco grand jury at the time, conducted an investigation and called it a scandal. His grand jury issued a scathing report.
- ◆ THE local press doctored, then buried the story for good.
- ◆ CRITICS who warned of calamity in the choice of the cold, windy, distant location were hooted down by Mayor Christopher's administration.
- ◆ NORTH was pressured unmercifully until he called off his attack on the swindle. He died a broken man.

Today, as city hall, the Chamber of Commerce and the San Francisco Planning and Urban Renewal Association (SPUR) begin to thrash the thickets for support for a new \$40 million downtown stadium, the fact remains that Candlestick costs have rocketed to more than \$20 million (The Guardian defies anyone to get the exact total cost from city hall, custodian of one set of bonds, or from the Bank of America, custodian of the other) and the needed Candlestick expansion and repairs to an estimated \$10 million or so.

There is but one previous authoritative account of the Candlestick swindle: written by free lance writer Lewis Lindsay and published in the June, 1960 edition of Wolfe's new defunct magazine, The Californian. This issue is missing from an otherwise complete collection of Californians in the main library.

It all began

early in 1953. Mayor Elmer Robinson's administration--and local businessmen--decided to import big league baseball for San Francisco's economic and recreational benefit. A downtown stadium was adequate for San Francisco's AAA minor league club, the Seals, but not for major league fare.

Hence, Robinson asked the Board of Supervisors to approve a \$5 million bond proposition to construct a new stadium. Among the supervisors in approval: George Christopher, soon to become mayor; Gene McAteer, headed for the state senate; Francis McCarty, a future judge; Harold Dobbs, restaurateur and budding Republican candidate for mayor, and John Jay Ferdon, future district attorney.

In July of that same year, 1953, a local multi-millionaire contractor named Charles Harney purchased 65 acres of land at Candlestick Point from the city of San Francisco for \$2,100 an acre.

Next year, a band of publicists headed by Curley Grieve, S.F. Examiner sports editor, beat the drums and called the natives to pass this bond issue proposition:

"To incur a bonded indebtedness in the sum of \$5 million for the acquisition, construction and completion of buildings, lands and other works and properties to be used for baseball, football, other sports, dramatic productions and other lawful uses as a recreation center."

Major league baseball, they proclaimed, would bring untold wealth to the city for a mere \$5 million, a price that would be returned many times.

After voters approved this in November, 1954, the search began for a site. If there were any doubts the stadium would cost more than \$5 million, they were dispelled in a personal meeting between Robinson's successor, Mayor Christopher, and the owner of the New York Giants, Horace Stoneham.

In April, 1957, Christopher and McCarty flew to New York to talk Stoneham into bringing the Giants to San Francisco. The Giants were losing money in New York and scouting the country for a new home base.

To prove San Francisco's support for professional baseball, Christopher waved the \$5 million stadium bond issue at Stoneham. According to testimony reported by the 1968 grand jury investigation, Stoneham replied contemptuously:

"Any figure other than 10 or 11 million dollars shouldn't even be discussed because there would be no possibility or probability of a major club moving to that particular community."

Back in San Francisco Christopher reported the need for more money to other city leaders and businessmen. Since the proposition suddenly to double the original bond issue might run into trouble with the voters, they decided to create a non-



profit corporation called Stadium, Inc., as a legal arm of the city.

By passing the voters

Operating through this dummy corporation, the Christopher administration could bypass the voters to raise more money.

Harney and two of his employees were selected as the first board of directors of Stadium, Inc. Christopher told Harney that he would be the contractor to build the new stadium, and his 41 acres of Candlestick land would be the heart of the 77-acre location.

In 1957 Harney sold back 41 acres of the parcel he had purchased from the city in 1953 at \$2,100 an acre. The 1957 price the city paid to Harney for its own former land was \$65,853 an acre. That's a crisp total of \$2.7 million.

The city's Real Estate Department approved the deal even though other land adjacent to Harney's was bought at about the same time for just \$6,540 an acre. Harney made a profit of \$2.6 million on the four-year land ownership switch.

Not so, Christopher and Harney later contended. Harney had graded and filled the land, and so naturally he was paid for his improvements. One fact raised doubts about that explanation: a \$7 million fee awarded to Harney to construct the new stadium included \$2 million for stadium construction, \$2 million for grading and filling and \$2.7 million for real estate.

Had it not been for the creation of Stadium, Inc., the Christopher administration would have been required to hold open, competitive bidding for the contract, and voters would have seen the price tags. By operating through Stadium,

-- continued on page 6

By Burton H. Wolfe

Wolfe, formerly editor-publisher of The Californian, is the author of an excellent paperback book titled "The Hippiess," published this year by New American Library. Copyright reserved The Bay Guardian Co., Inc.

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Guardian Survey - McCarthy and the Blacks

By Printer L. Bowler

Sen. Eugene McCarthy's presidential campaign seems destined to remain a whiter shade of pale in the Bay Area and elsewhere—for severe lack of Negro interest and support.

I have found, in an informal survey of the black community and local Democratic officials, that McCarthy simply hasn't generated much black enthusiasm and is not likely to cut deeply into the longtime black support of his chief rivals, Sen. Robert F. Kennedy and Vice-president Hubert Humphrey.

From the NAACP director's office to the man on the street, the black consensus seems to be:

Gene McCarthy is a "nice, honest guy...who says all the right things," but his civil rights position "rings hollow because of its naivete, superficiality and typical white liberalism," as one Negro welfare worker put it.

"He's just not turning any of us on," a Negro student matter-of-factly told me.

And so concluded many

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black voters throughout the Bay Area when I asked them to assess McCarthy's civil rights record, his present position and his "if-elected" proposals.

The majority of Negroes I talked to—at least those still interested in white candidates—say that Kennedy, if nominated, will sweep in virtually all the black vote. And many are confident he'll get the nomination.

Achilles Heel

McCarthy's supporters recognize that civil rights has become the campaign's Achilles heel. And, despite the Senator's strong appeal on Viet Nam, the cities, the CIA and other favorite liberal issues, they are worried—at stake are thousands of black votes and bundles of campaign cash being withheld by liberals apprehensive about McCarthy's civil rights stand.

Assemblyman John Burton, co-chairman of the local McCarthy organization, speaks candidly of the problem:

"There's no way Sen. McCarthy will get the black vote from Kennedy...we're just not going to be able to get him across to the Negroes like Kennedy has."

Why? Because the senator, nobly but perhaps naively, pays the electorate the compliment of appealing directly to its reason—while carefully sidestepping its emotional possibilities. If conventional electoral methods brought them a President like Johnson—who rode into office on one of the most emotionally charged avalanches in history—then McCarthy is quite right to offer himself as the symbol of stark honesty, courage and reason. So the argument goes.

"McCarthy's too honest," Burton said. "He has informed his supporters that he will not exploit the emotions of any racial minority. No grandiose televised tours of ghettos, no Kennedy-style grandstanding."

No other choice

But don't most voters choose on the basis of emotions and impressions—rather than issues—especially when a Kennedy is involved? I asked Burton.

"At this time in America, more people are attracted to a rational, honest man dealing with issues—and more young people will be voting, young people who can see past the suave veneer of political showmanship. People are asking more questions and they want honest, sane answers. The Viet Nam war, for one, has left us with no other choice.

"We're going to sell Sen. McCarthy on his guaranteed annual income program, his courageous and intelligent criticism of the Viet Nam war and the integrity—if not guadiness—of his civil rights stand."

Among Negroes, however, the real selling has yet to begin.

McCarthy is "classical, detached, superficial...a very naive newcomer," says Miriam Johnson, an articulate woman who conducts an experimental workshop in the Fillmore District for unemployed Negroes. She views McCarthy's thy's candidacy this way:

"Each new candidate and group that comes along—and McCarthy spells this out to me—says we've got to have good housing, got to have programs for unemployment and so on. We just don't need that

anymore. We don't need this oratory anymore.

"In the issue of civil rights, Kennedy has a feel for it that McCarthy just doesn't have. Kennedy is really turned on, has a sense of proximity and of being involved in Negro problems that McCarthy doesn't have. Most black people feel it—absolutely.

What comes through

"I'm absolutely convinced that the Negro vote will go to Kennedy," she declared. "He may sell the people out like the rest of them...but he's so much closer to the situation. That's what comes through."

'Honest Gene' is not turning on Negroes

Why doesn't McCarthy "come through" to the Negro?

"He doesn't have the charisma that Kennedy has; he's not a member of the Kennedy family," said Supervisor Terry Francois, one Negro who holds McCarthy in "very high regard."

Francois recalls that, in 1960, he accompanied then Sen. John F. Kennedy to a civil rights rally in Los Angeles during the Democratic convention:

"He had a very difficult time selling himself to the Negroes down there, and it took a long time to break in."

Francois looks at McCarthy as being in the same position eight years later—he's an "unknown quantity to most Negroes, slightly suspect," while Robert Kennedy now rides the crest of a civil rights momentum his late brother helped to start.

Like most white folks

Assemblyman Willie Brown, who is also co-chairman of the Kennedy-for-President organization in San Francisco, describes McCarthy this way:

"His position on civil rights is not one dissimilar from the position of most white folks. He's not really conversant with the Negro's problems. His approach is intellectual, not practical; his emphasis is on dialogue instead of action."

Brown compares the senator's civil rights stand to Gov. Reagan's:

"Like Reagan, McCarthy says that the best civil rights resolution would be for everyone to abide by the Constitution and live in peace together without government laws or interference. This is based on the premise that people basically do right.

"But we're dealing with con-

ditions as they are in the ghetto. And the ghetto dweller views his plight as being in need of action—his highest priority is the ghetto. He has learned he can't rely on pleas of moral persuasion or the Constitution's idealism."

Of all Negro organizations, the local NAACP seems to be the most sympathetic toward McCarthy—but with uncertainty and reservations. Regional Director Leonard Carter says, "We've always counted him (McCarthy) as a friend and ally—just as we have Robert Kennedy, Hubert Humphrey and Nelson Rockefeller. This of course is not true through-

'Honest Gene' is not turning on Negroes

out the career of Nixon."

Wanted: Effectiveness

The crucial need is for a leader who will stimulate support to provide greater relief of conditions in the ghetto, Carter said. "I'm not sure if McCarthy would be able to do that. It is questionable whether he would be effective."

The NAACP, which Carter says does not endorse political candidates, appears to favor all front-running candidates except Nixon—and Reagan, if he counts as a presidential threat.

"I know Sen. McCarthy well," says Carter, who once lived in Minnesota. "He was my congressman for 10 years and we never had to do much lobbying for his support on civil rights matters. Of course, our chief advocate there was Hubert Humphrey whose accomplishments far outshadow McCarthy's."

No Comment

The Oakland-centered Black Panther Party appears uninterested in becoming involved with any white presidential candidate. Said Panther leader Bobby Seale: "We don't support either the Democratic Party or the Republican Party."

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How secret is your bank account?

By Ralph Arlyck

On the front door of almost every Bay Area bank, a decal reads, "The F.B.I. investigates any burglary or larceny committed in this institution."

Depositors would probably find this inscription much less reassuring if they realized what else the F.B.I. investigates and how easily it, or any other government agency can gain access to individual or corporate records without subpoena.

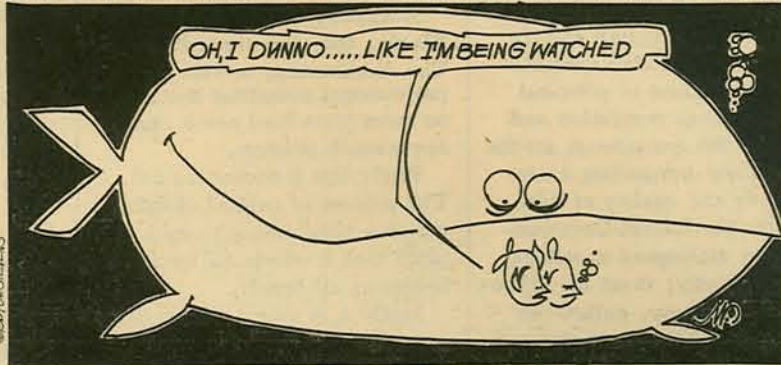
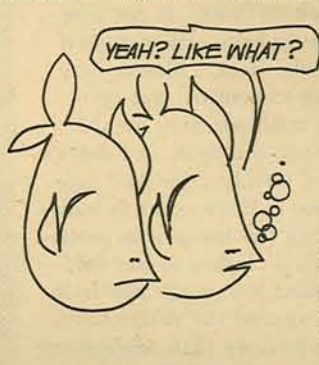
Last fall the Alameda County Peace and Freedom Party was having difficulty opening an account in Berkeley. The party claimed it was getting a "run-around" from hostile bank officials, but one particular incident pointed to something other than local harassment.

When a party representative went to the Bank of California on Shattuck and Bancroft, Operations Officer Frank Sabetta turned him down but more candidly than had other bank officials. He said:

"To be honest with you, we try to discourage accounts like yours. They're usually not very large and, since the government periodically comes in and audits radical accounts, we find that those accounts are usually not worth our trouble. The audit makes a lot of extra work for us."

A few weeks later, I went to see Mr. Sabetta and asked him what he meant by "the government" and how frequently such audits took place.

When he learned I was a reporter, he said he was not auth-



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that there is sufficient cause to invade an individual's privacy.

My question, "Would you always demand a subpoena before revealing private information?" usually got these answers.

"That would depend on the individual case," or "Well, we prefer that they have a subpoena," or "They usually have a subpoena with them." A few branch managers were less circumspect. Ralph Bender, manager at the Bank of America's Geary-Market Branch, told me:

"All they have to do is come in and tell us they're from the FBI and we let them see what they want."

Bender's comments were reinforced by William Turner, a former FBI agent from 1951 to 1961. Although not involved in the Bureau's intelligence activities, Turner told me that in his criminal investigations he found bankers to be extremely cooperative and lax about subpoena requirements. He said:

"There was never any fuss about subpoenas. You just walk

possibility to assemble the information, to make sure it is all duplicated and to personally carry the records to the requesting agency--be it the FBI, Internal Revenue Service or District Attorney's Office. Much of this extra work can be eliminated if the examination takes place in the bank without subpoena.

Sheman's comments also suggest a kind of mutual dependency between the bank and the FBI that is unlikely to promote strict application of privacy traditions. As the sign says on the front door, the FBI investigates bank crimes.

At the central office of the Bank of California, where I had been directed by Sabetta in Berkeley, Assistant Auditor George Courreges summed it up this way:

"We work quite closely with about three or four fellows from the FBI. I ride home on the train with them. Sometimes they come right in here and we dig up stuff for them and of course they help us all the time."

No Legal Protection

Most bank customers would be surprised to learn that there actually is no statute on the law books that guarantees secrecy of their accounts.

Banks simply have learned that it's good business to surround their operations with an aura of august privacy--but in an arbitrary manner. In short, the banks decide, unless served with subpoena, whose account will or will not be audited.

Glen C. Coplen, soft-spoken vice president of the Citizens Federal Savings and Loan Association, explained:

"There are no laws which prohibit us from showing a depositor's records to someone else, but over the years we have led people to believe that these matters are confidential. We would be out of business if clients got the opposite impression."

Besides the total absence of applicable statutes, there also are few common law precedents to cover bank privacy. The case that comes closest is Peterson vs. Idaho First National Bank. On Dec. 8, 1961, the Idaho Supreme Court reversed a lower court decision that had upheld a bank's right to inform a depositor's employer that the depositor had passed several bad checks.

The higher court recognized the plaintiff's claim that the incident constituted "a breach of the implied contract of the bank with its depositor that no information would be disclosed by the bank or its employees concerning the depositor's account." It upheld this claim in light of the harm done to the depositor and in absence of any clear necessity on the bank's part to make such a disclosure.

An American Law Reports summary on the case makes it clear that a bank may be held

responsible for disclosure of publicly libelous or slanderous information but that its general secrecy obligations are unclear.

There are, of course, ways other than direct bank examination for the FBI to gain financial information without securing a subpoena.

The Internal Revenue Service, for example, has automatic subpoena power, and works closely with the FBI in several capacities.

Subpoena 'A Mockery'

John Hopkins, Hibema Bank attorney, believes the FBI works through other federal agencies more often than it approaches banks directly. He says the subpoena system is "a mockery" and notes that the IRS has extremely broad powers. He added:

"I can't say whether it's being used for good or evil, but I have no delusions about the awesome power of the federal government when it comes to investigation."

Another obvious avenue for snooping is the massive credit rating system that touches almost every aspect of America's financial life. There is almost no limit to the amount of information available to credit companies--how many cars you have, the regularity of your mortgage payments, whether you pay medical bills promptly, how much your wife spends on clothes, etc., etc.

The only way to keep yourself out of the information pool is to handle all transactions in cash--and this is becoming extremely impractical because of the number of services that require credit ratings.

James M. Hall, State Superintendent of Banks, told me:

"Credit touches almost all

of us. There's nothing to prevent the FBI from going to Dunn and Bradstreet who are obviously in the business of selling information."

Swiss Banks Popular

Expanding the credit rating system, Hall points out, has placed increased pressure on American banks to loosen up financial disclosure policies. He believes this accounts for the popularity of Swiss banks among individuals who care about secrecy and who have sizeable deposits at stake. In Switzerland it is even possible to have a nameless account identifiable only by number.

Violations of secrecy provisions in Swiss banks are state crimes.

Hall believes American bank depositors ought to have the option of signing a waiver to release information, be notified of disclosure requests and have the opportunity to challenge them. Individual branch managers, he said, should exercise discretion in the release of information:

"I would think he would want to think twice before giving out information without knowing what it's for."

There is, of course, much latitude between Hall's "ought-to's" and the sort of legislative control that would induce a local bank manager to tell his friend Jack the FBI Agent to go back and get a subpoena.

In the 1961-62 Michigan Law Review, Robert B. Wessling proposed a specific legal program for the concerns that Hall detailed to me. He called for a positive statement "either by statute or a self-regulatory banking code" that would define the bank's duty and would

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“There are no laws which prohibit us from showing a depositor's records to someone else”

orized to comment on bank policies and that I would have to take up such matters with the central office in San Francisco.

I since have interviewed nine branch managers of San Francisco banks and more than a dozen central-office officials--auditors, attorneys, controllers and vice-presidents.

Several bank managers said they were not authorized to answer my questions. Their central-office supervisors often told me they had no way of knowing about the daily activities of a particular branch.

But 16 interviewees were willing to talk with me. None of them would admit that the federal government examines individual radical accounts on a regular basis, but none of them denied such audits occurred. Not one of the 16 said he would always require a subpoena before showing a customer's account to an FBI agent.

The purpose of the subpoena is to protect private citizens against unwarranted search and seizure. This is done by requiring a prosecuting authority to convince a magistrate

in, display your credentials and you're given the whole shooting match."

I asked Richard Shemano, manager of the Golden Gate National Bank, 999 Market St., what his policy is. The Q and A:

"I have friends in the FBI and if they want to come in and look at a signature card without a subpoena, I'll let them."

"What if they want to see somebody's complete records?"

"No, if they want to take copies of individual records, I want them to have a subpoena."

"What if they just want to look at the records and not remove them from the bank?"

"That's alright."

To a depositor under the impression that his financial records are an affair between himself and his bank, the question of whether an agent looks at his account inside or outside the building is moot. To the bank, however, it is an important distinction and probably the reason behind its leniency in demanding subpoenas.

If an agency secures a court order to examine an individual account, it is the bank's res-

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Terrorize the enemy - stroll in Pacific Heights

What is happening? Teilhard de Chardin said many years ago that the 18th and 19th and the first part of the 20th centuries had been a time of political and economic revolution and had laid the groundwork for the revolutions demanding a new meaning and quality of life.

When the Italian Communist Party attempted to reform itself recently, it set up a theoretical academy, called the Gramsci Institute. At its opening one of the leaders said, "We have enjoyed what we've defined as socialism over one-sixth of the earth for almost 50 years, and over almost again as much for 20 years. Yet human self-alienation has not decreased, but increased, on both sides of the Iron Curtain. Perhaps, Comrades, we have been doing something wrong."

Everyone was shocked, but Togliatti, a dying man, applauded, and the rest timidly joined in.

One of the leading Marxist theoreticians in Zagreb, Yugoslavia, said nearly 10 years ago:

"Where is there any guarantee that the socialization of the means of production and distribution will make any difference whatever in the exploitation of man by man? If not properly conceived and carefully controlled, the State as employer will only increase human self-alienation--which is the only reason for revolution."

Inhuman ends

Today life is becoming intolerable for an ever-increasing number of men, all over the world. An economic system (and all its spawn of political systems) which is devoted to utterly inhuman ends is making more and more human beings redundant. And not just as individuals, but as whole classes.

There is no way out of the present structure for the unskilled poor of the U.S. except mummification in housing projects on welfare. They are redundant. The dropped-out adolescents of Harlem or Hunters Point are never going to work slide rules for Lockheed.

There are more slide-rulers now than anybody knows what to do with. Too many even to fill up Cam Ranh Bay.

The machines that run production for production's sake, to maximize Profit (as it is called) simply find now that about six per cent of the human race is just waste to sweep out of the way. Someday it will be 60 per cent.

Dumped off

The worker on the belt of the assembly line, deprived of truly creative work, and a creative relationship with his fellow workers, is alienated. But the unemployable hordes who have been dumped off the belt and can never get back on (for even the assembly line is now obsolete) suffer the torture of a multiplied alienation.

Life as a human being who has been condemned as redundant is intolerable.

Faced with the horror of middle class life, with the business ethic, with nothing linking man and man, man and woman, parents and children--nothing but the cash nexus--millions of people are dropping out as

they reach adulthood.

Actually, exactly like the Blacks, they too are redundant. The distribution, service and professional industries need them no more than Ford needs monkey wrench twisters.

Partly this is technological. The process of capital circulation has accelerated to such a pitch that it whirls off human beings at all levels.

Partly it is moral. Who can possibly want to become a medical doctor when the American Medical Association is the most vicious and anti-human of all the organizations of the "class enemy" that have any effectiveness?

The CIA overthrew the Greek

Kenneth Rexroth

government and recently tried to overthrow the Italian--but do you know that by a real invasion in force the AMA tried to overthrow the Province of Saskatchewan because the citizens had the temerity to vote for a health insurance program?

Who wants to become a professor when institutions like Columbia are simply training camps for the bureaucrats of the military-industrial complex, and universities are administered by presidents and chancellors taken directly from the espionage and international terror apparatus?

To the authorities who rule that branch of Van Vogt's Weapon Shops of Isher on Morning-side Heights, students who demand that a university be a humane and humanistic place for human beings are so much redundant garbage, just Gooks and Niggers, and to be treated

Dr. Joel Fort's column will be in the next issue. He is on a speaking tour in India.

as such, with the techniques and instruments the university itself developed for use in Viet Nam or the Congo.

Life has become intolerable for people who persist in believing that between the ages of 18 and 21 they should move into full adulthood--full realization of their responsibilities and potentialities as human beings.

For the witless juveniles of the upper classes who flood Haight St. seeking the most lethal drugs obtainable, the prospect of becoming like their parents has driven them to slow suicide.

How many more weapons systems analysts are now heads of universities? How many mayors parade the ghettos mouthing publicity for movie moguls, with two urban problems experts, loaned them by the institutes of genocide, at their elbows?

How many CIA-steered Greek juntas now rule the states and cities of the U.S.? How many Green Berets are teaching the control of democratic expression to the police departments of America?

The secret of guerrilla attack on the electronic, computerized guillotine that has us all trapped is--don't over-

expose yourself.

Black militants do not now and never have either started or led the riots. Rioters may be hard to control, but conscious militants may be able to change the focus and objectives of totally alienated rage.

There is little point in burning down the home your mother washed clothes to pay for, no matter how much you're in revolt against the matriarchy.

Was Beverly Hills frightened of burning Watts? Yes. But not much.

It is quite peaceful actions that can terrorize the enemy. I suggest an Every Sunday Walkabout.

The Grey Line has tours of the fauborgs of the rich--why not a Black Line walking tour? Every Sunday, everybody dress up nice, take the kids, climb in the car and drive to Pacific Palisades, Pacific Heights, Grosse Point, Sea Cliff, Presidio Terrace, Piedmont.

Park the car and take the folks for a quiet stroll. Go see how the other nine-tenths live. Maybe they will reciprocate and spend their Sundays strolling through Watts, Harlem, Bedford-Stuyvesant, Hunters Point. And not looking to "change their luck" in the old sense, but in a new and fundamental sense. May be!

Fact of the matter, they'd be scared into two months of dysentery. What law is there against 200 well-dressed, well-behaved Black families walking the streets of Presidio Terrace next Sunday? What could the cops do about it?

This is just an example of a mild and not too important technique that would have devastating results. Never forget. We don't live in the machine age of Karl Marx. We live in an age of transistorized delicate apparatus.

Stick your hand in the gear box of a steam shovel and you will get it torn off. Stick your little finger in one of the great electronic brains that feeds strategy to the General Staff and it will shudder all over and start coughing up punched cards which if put on the player piano will play The Internationale.

There is no reason why the cops should be allowed to drag naked coeds out of buildings. Columbia University can be shut down as quietly as the fall of snow, without a person exposing his face. And shut down the whole shebang MUST be, by invisible mice, by harmless obstructionists and saboteurs, because it is a meat grinder that means only our death, individually and collectively.

Your Bank Acc't: How Confidential?

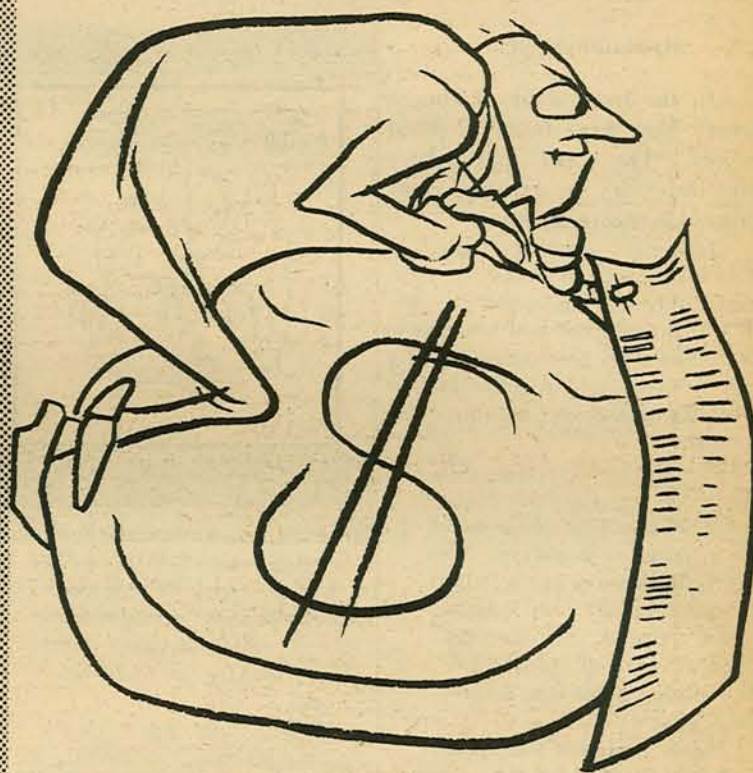
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balance certain relevant interests, notably the customer's right to protection and the bank's commercial need to reveal information. Wessling concluded:

"Unless there is present such commercial necessity or the express consent of the customer, or a validly obtained subpoena, the bank should have the duty to refuse to disclose any information obtained during the bank-customer relationship."

INSIDE

BRIEFS
FROM HERE
AND
THERE



Have you ever found a city legal notice in the Examiner or the Chronicle, San Francisco's alternating newspapers of record?

You may never see one if city hall and our monopoly press continue their palsy walsy relationship to defy the intent and spirit of the city charter's provisions on legal publishing.

The idea behind the publication of city legal notices is to inform the electorate--of the city budget, supervisory actions, bid openings and the like. Such notices must be published in the local newspaper of record, which charter section 13 defines as:

"...a daily newspaper of general circulation published in the city and county and which has a bona fide daily circulation of at least 8,000 copies." Not 8,000 copies, it must be noted, but in a paper with more than 8,000 circulation.

Now then. On April 17, the day the record 1968 city budget rolled off the presses, as a \$30,000 legal notice in tabloid form, we didn't get our copy in our edition of the Examiner. Neither, we found out, did anybody else we know.

We called the Examiner. Come down to our office on Howard St., somebody in circulation said, grumpily, and you can have a copy for 10¢. We explained we didn't want to come down and pay 10¢. We wanted to get our copy of the city budget, which we helped pay for in city taxes, in our copy of the Examiner.

Impossible. Could we get the Examiner home-delivered that carried legal notices? No. Where could we buy an Examiner with legal notices? Nobody in circulation and nobody in the library could tell us.

Back to city hall. To make a long story shorter: after talking with the city attorney's office, the city controller's office and the city purchaser, we determined that the Examiner and Chronicle, one or the other, have for years been printing city legal notices in only a limited number of copies of one edition. Cost: \$135,000 a year, at a special rate of 44¢ per line and going up.

Well, okay. How many copies does the city get for its money? Nobody at city hall seemed to know for certain, but we got the figure of 50,000 or so from Ray Erickson and from John Gavin in the city purchasing department.

The city was supplied with an ABC report, but the exact total varied from day to day. Shouldn't the city have the exact totals when it was spending public funds? Call the Printing Co. for that information.

To get the exact figure, we were shunted by the city back to the San Francisco Printing Co., Inc., corporate umbrella of the Examiner/Chronicle, and either Lyle Johnson, Print Co. executive, or his secretary, Barbara Peterson.

Johnson wasn't in, but Miss Peterson put the circulation of editions carrying city legals at 52,240--the circulation of the first edition as of Sept. 30 in the last ABC audit. What was the circulation now? She couldn't say.

We called Charles Gould, Examiner publisher. He didn't know how many copies were in the first edition, or how much circulation the city legals had. He said Wells Smith, Print Co. executive, would know.

Examiner editions carrying city legals, Smith said, totaled "in excess of 9,000." This was sufficient to satisfy city charter regulation, he said.

Not 50,000? "In excess of 9,000." Does this mean 9,000? "You'll have to check the press run for that."

In sum: that's 9,000 circulation on a 44¢ per line rate, paid from public funds, for public notices required by law to inform the public. None are home-delivered to San Francisco residents, all 9,000 are put out in street sales and street racks with only a CP under the flag to designate they carry legal notices as City Printing. Who knows this?

The rest of us would pay, as private advertisers, \$1.96 a line for 200,000 circulation in the Examiner and \$2.19 a line for 700,000 circulation in the Examiner/Chronicle. You figure it out.

Incidental intelligence: the city charter requires competitive bids for legal advertising. The Examiner and Chronicle conveniently have alternated as the paper of record since the merger, their bids differing by only a fraction. Par exemplia: 1967 (the Examiner, \$.443; the Chronicle, \$.422); 1965 (the Examiner, \$.398; the Chronicle, \$.400.)

'We may not think much of crime, withdrawal, riots...'

By William Anderson

William Anderson writes regularly for The Guardian. A black man, he has lived in the Bay Area for the last seven years, working in the Dept. of Employment and as an independent educational consultant and writer. He is a prominent local poet. Next issue, he will do an in-depth study of Oakland's Black Panther party.

Let me tell you about Dell, who wanted action. Sometimes we talk about integration, or control of the ghetto, or jobs, or money, or sense of manhood. But this time let's talk about Dell and the action.

Dell is a short, black, cocky kid. He was 19 when I first met him, in October 1966. I had just accepted a contract from

Behavioral Research Laboratories in Menlo Park, to write a book about jobs for underprivileged youth. The company was good enough to give me \$30 extra a week to split among three boys who would help me with research. Dell was one.

The other two boys were 18. None of the boys were high school graduates. Two of the three had arrest records. None had any skills or work history. They were entirely characteristic of the kind of boy the book was supposed to reach.

At first, it seemed sensible to use the three as subjects of research—to watch them trying to find work themselves. But it seemed a shame not to try to help them become objects of research instead. So I began to teach them how to interview other kids; they began to think of themselves as Research Aides or Youth Consultants or whatever.

Whatever they thought of themselves, they were truly mysterious to their friends in the Fillmore-McAllister street scene. Look at them. Walked into the Youth Opportunity Center every Tuesday and Friday. Went into a conference room with me and closed the door. Sometimes didn't come out for hours. Carried notebooks around. Said they were writing a book. Had ball point pencils with the company's name stamped on.

The glass wall

Inside the conference room we got to know each other. We practiced interviewing, we talked about civil rights, women, jobs, how to do research, straight English, soul English, anything.

There is a glass wall around this kind of boy, and you have to get around it any way you can. Even when you get through, a wrong word, a wrong gesture and you're back outside. You realize that you have to hold open any lines of communication, almost physically. When you see the boys the next time, since you haven't been with them physically, the wall is there again.

But we were together for better than nine months, and you could get to know a stone in that kind of time. We began to love each other, or at least I began to love them. Only they know how they felt about me, but as far as the training was concerned something was happening. They became good interviewers. They began to read.

Dell is bright. If he had been white, he would be in college now. It seemed a shame that such a promising kid should just float away after the project, so as the book neared completion I began to look around for something for him to do afterwards.

He didn't want a janitor job. He came in not wanting that kind of job and, God help me, I encouraged his expectations.

College? Well, if he could go back and finish high school, maybe I could tutor him over the summer and he could begin courses at City College in the fall. Eventually he might transfer to a state college. Then he would have it made.

Forget it. We conducted no surveys of educational opportunities for him, we just knew no valid educational opening existed for him. Drop a stone, it falls. So school was out.

Later I got Dell's brother Gregg into Upward Bound, a program to help young, poor high school kids get into college. Classes during the summer at a nearby college, students living on campus. And when they returned to high school come fall, they were given tutoring and counselling as a follow-up thing.

But Gregg's class was cancelled before the end of summer, the students sent home. He dropped out of high school the next semester. No, we didn't believe school would work for Dell.

Once I took Dell to Menlo Park, to the offices of the company. He met the president. The receptionist took his coat. We had coffee. He thought it was beautiful.

Hunters Point

Near the end of the project, I heard of an opening at Hunters Point Youth Opportunity Center for an assistant group leader. Dell had training from me in leading groups, so one morning he and I set out for Hunters Point.

He got the job. But it was going to be hard to hire him since his qualifications were so poor. We worked it out that he'd start working half-time, and when he got on the payroll officially, he'd get back pay for his time.

Shortly after, the book finished, we shook hands and said goodbye. We'd planned a farewell dinner, but nothing ever came of it.

No job?

Two months later, I got a

phone call from Dell. He did not have a job. What do you mean, no job? They never sent the papers in. Never sent the papers in?

No. Why not? I didn't fill them out right, he said. Oh. What about the time you already put in? Are they going to pay you for that?

No.

So I ran out to Hunters Point and talked to the manager.

thing." Dell pronounces thing as though it were spelled thang. Got it? "I thought I was going to be doing my thang."

I don't know why the CEP job didn't pan out. Maybe the heart was gone out of him. One of his co-workers, a professional, told me the other boys thought he was kind of a fink.

A month ago, I saw Dell on Haight during working hours.

For kids like Dell, it's the only game in town



Sure enough, Dell's application had just been sent through the mill. He'd filled out the forms wrong. Meanwhile the funds to pay Dell had been used up or cut off or sent back. There were no funds to pay him for the time he already had in.

Other people were ahead of Dell on the list for the job itself, so he couldn't have that. However, there were sub-professional openings in other offices and Dell would certainly be one of the very first on the list for one of them.

After I finished threatening the manager, I set up a meeting with the S.F. Neighborhood Legal Foundation to see if we couldn't compel the Center to hire Dell and give him his back pay. After all, it wasn't just his word. I'd heard the offer and the details.

But Dell never showed at the legal offices, although the lawyer and I waited over an hour.

Oh yes, Dell was good at his job. You know, punctual. Committed. Interested.

No back pay

Anyhow, a couple weeks later, I heard Dell had taken the sub-professional job, written off his back pay at the Center. He was with the Concentrated Employment Program as an aide. He'd be operating out of the office a lot of the time, working with other boys.

The CEP is a giant program, set up last year, to provide jobs and training for ghetto youth. It is a cooperative effort between the Department of Employment, the Chamber of Commerce, Civil Service and other agencies. It was funded at about \$5 million.

This program--and similar War on Poverty programs--require experienced administrators. As a result, the Department of Employment has to promote a lot of professionals and hire others. It is willing to do this to show how deeply the Department is committed to the War on Poverty.

As of the first of this year, according to Department sources, the CEP had provided fewer than 100 jobs.

The CEP is housed in a big building on Polk. If you ever want to see a big building full of people with nothing to do, go there.

"There ain't nothing to do," Dell told me once. "I thought I was going to be doing my

Hey, Dell, how come you're not working? Aw, they won't let you do your thang. Is there any action down there? Naw, man.

Dell's brother Gregg was with him. Hey, Gregg, you still in school? Naw, man. Oh. What's happening in the ghetto these days, is it going to blow?

Got to blow. Got to.

You feel hostility before you see it. So I wasn't surprised to look closely at them and see it.

Hey, man, Dell said, what are you doing now? I don't see you in the Fillmore no more.

Writing poems, I said.

—continued on page 15

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Take me out to the ballgame

—continued from page 1

Inc., Christopher was able to evade the city charter and arrange the contract in a privately negotiated deal.

Through the same apparatus, his administration was able to float another \$5.5 million bond issue without voter approval. The interest rate on these bonds was set at 5% whereas the interest on the original \$5 million bond issue was only 2.4%, a difference that would eventually cost the city hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Evading an investigation

In February, 1958, Hamey and his employees were removed from the board of Stadium, Inc.—after, as the grand jury report later pointed out, "Three influential men then were substituted to represent the city's interest—Alan K. Brown, W.P. Fuller Brawne and Frederic P. Whitman."

The maneuver came too late to prevent North from investigating a Grand Jury investigation into the strange transactions.

North, like Christopher, was a Republican and a conservative member of the San Francisco business community. Until his retirement, at 70, he had been executive vice-president of one of the largest property owners in the city, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. He had a strong sense of civic duty, however, and the Candlestick Park deal smelled to him of garbage.

The report North issued, as the result of the Grand Jury investigation, was potential dynamite. It showed that, shortly before the city purchased Hamey's land at \$65,853 an acre, adjacent pieces of tideland were sold by the city for less than \$4,000 an acre. It did not make sense that Hamey's land, partly under water, should have brought \$61,000 more from city coffers.

On Dec. 2, 1958, the San Francisco Chronicle carried partial coverage of the Grand Jury report. On page 5, the year Hamey purchased the city land was stated as 1933 rather than 1953. Of course, the 20-year difference would provide a reason for the tremendous increase in value, because the

initial purchase price would have been at depression levels.

Undoubtedly, it was a typographical error. And no doubt it was by unintentional omission that other salient features of the Grand Jury report were omitted altogether and never printed by the Chronicle or any other major newspaper.

North charged that all bond issues negotiated by Stadium, Inc. were illegal evasions of the city charter. Bond payments had to be made from city funds, not the dummy non-profit corporation, and so the whole deal amounted to legal subterfuge, a way to make taxpayers foot the bill without letting them vote on it.

The report, drafted by North and signed by 18 other citizens, estimated annual payments on the bonds of \$990,000 for the first 15 years of the debt period. Against that, the city was to draw \$225,000 a year in rent from the Giants and \$225,000 a year from advertising and parking revenues, leaving a balance of \$640,000 to be paid annually from taxes or city funds. It was estimated that the city could make up the balance by commanding the juicy television rights; instead, Christopher arranged for rights to go exclusively to the Giants.

Altogether, it was a marvelous deal for the Giants. In their last New York season, attendance at the Polo Grounds plummeted to 684,000. The club had gone broke and it was almost impossible to give away its stock. After the Giants' first season in San Francisco in 1958, attendance tripled over its last year in New York, and their stock soared to \$1,000 a share. In terms of revenue, the increase in gate receipts alone meant \$3 million the first year.

While the Giants were reaping enormous profits at taxpayers' expense, City Hall and the local newspapers were trying to make it appear that San Francisco, too, was earning money. The News-Call Bulletin, the now defunct Hearst paper, once stated that when all returns are in, "the season just ended (1960) will have yielded the city about \$530,000." The fact was that the sole revenue to the city was \$50,000 received to maintain buildings and grounds.

The other Hearst paper, the Examiner, stated, on the other hand: "City Hall officials said \$375,000 of the revenue figure will be used to pay the annual cost of the city's \$5 million bond issue." The Chronicle published this figure: "Of the remaining \$527,000, the first \$375,000 must go toward payment of the city's \$5 million stadium bond issue."

The fact was that all revenues from the ball park and its parking lot had to be used to pay off the \$5.5 million worth of bonds issued by Stadium, Inc., with the exception of the \$50,000 maintenance income. The other \$5 million worth, issued by the city, had to be paid off through real and personal or property taxes collected by the city.

The result: a projected loss, not profit, of \$640,000 the city must pay from taxes or other general city revenues (according to the Grand Jury report) and a loss this year of at least \$360,000 (according to figures supplied to The Guardian by the city controller's office and Mike Barrett,

—continued on page 10

What



By John Burks

BURP POWER: Mug Root Beer has a new ad on the air these days. It's in the form of a Mug Root Beer lesson in Swahili. The announcer says his thing about the Mug—"It's got a lot of bubbles and it tastes pretty good" or something like that—and this black voice (sounds like a black man to me) translates it into Swahili, sentence by sentence. It's done fairly straight, not all hoked up. For a radio commercial it isn't too bad. You get to hear some Swahili, and it sounds nice. The idea's moderately amusing, same way a 7-Up lesson in Chinese would be. Now the question is how this will be received by the black community. Swahili, for many black-consciousness militants, is strictly black man's property. For the same reason they wear their hair natural, many young black people are learning the African languages. It provides identity. Almost certainly, black people are going to object to Mug's using this symbol of their cultural heritage just to sell some lousy root beer. Meager as it is, that's my prediction for this week. Root beer makes me burp. I'll take Swahili.

THE CAMPAIGN TO DATE: Our police are arming to the teeth for this summer's riots. Some--no one knows how many--black people are arming to the teeth for the police invasion of the ghetto this summer. Alarmed, the Pentagon has set itself up with a National Riot Control Center (think of the mischief that's going to create!).

You can't purchase marijuana to have a little fun--not unless you want to risk huge fines and absurd jail terms--but any madman can buy the gun of his choice via the US mails.

We have killed Martin Luther King, as great a man as America has produced in this century. The Poor People's March on Washington, a final protest against the shabby and worsening treatment we lavish upon our impoverished citizenry, proceeds--eliciting only the veiled warning that it may provoke "serious consequences" from LBJ. Billions for "defense"--screw the poor.

We are talking about talking about peace. Our bombs and napalm rain on Vietnam.

And...

Bobby is spending millions--\$3, \$4, \$5 million already--jetting his charisma from coast to coast, trying to find something to say. Kids love him, black people get along with him, but he had to get a haircut before the old folks (his own age group) could dig him.

Ronnie is touring the nation, speaking from behind Ronnie-for-Pres banners, telling the people he isn't running for Pres at all, actually. To get elected Governor, Ronnie said he'd keep California's militant college and university students in their place. There never have been so many campus demonstrations, and never so violent. He said he'd cut taxes; taxes soar. And so on. He is the natural heir to Romney's role of National Buffoon, but--lest we forget--the GOP went for Goldwater in '64. They are capable of anything.

Dick remains the same outrageous fraud he always was, the Incredible Plastic Statesman, saying whatever he thinks voters want to hear at any given moment, a sad, cynical shell of a man who's done less for his country since 1960 than any other candidate. He's also the Old Technician, and he's got nearly enough delegates sewed up now to carry the first ballot at the GOP convention.

HHH is LBJ in drag.

Rocky's formal peace-in-Vietnam entry into the race, late as it was, seems little more than another expression of support for LBJ's peace-making efforts--such as they are. They loved him in Massachusetts. But who knows what Rocky really stands for? The impression is that he hasn't made up his own mind.

Gene. He may not send thrills down your spine. He doesn't mine. Politically, LBJ has stolen away his principal issue: peace. Any man running for the Presidency has to be some kind of an ego freak. But, of the pack, Gene seems the least afflicted with this malady. He also seems the man best able--if he ever actually got to the White House--to sort out our problems, get things moving, and make us feel like reasonable people again. We could do worse.

We doubtless could do a lot better, too. This time out, I'm only writing about the men who have any chance of getting elected. Not Omette Coleman, not Benjamin Spock, not John Lennon, not Allen Ginsberg--all of whom would be vastly more interesting, and impossible, candidates.

THE FIRE THIS TIME? If there is a good way to "stop riots," it probably has little to do with actual riots themselves. It probably is more in the nature of finding employment for ghetto poor, special education programs, improving relations between the ghetto and the government and keeping the cops from making life miserable for the blacks. The sort of thing Mayor Alioto is attempting to do, to his credit.

But what about riots? What about riot fires? Is there anything that can be done to prevent organized arsonists from burning the city to the ground? Not long ago, I put this question to the fire chief of Detroit, whose firemen battled 1,617 riot fires last summer--617 of them in a single day.

"If they DO plan one," said Chief Charles Quinlan, "it will be the end of the city. By the speed they can move--hitting us where we aren't--they could get a whole city with ease."

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A quiz to test your faith in America

By Jess Brownell

For some time now, I have remonstrated with the editors of this publication about the dangerous absence of variety within its pages.

How, I have asked repeatedly, can a newspaper pretend to seriousness when it lacks those regular features--comic strips, up-to-date sports coverage (What are the major league baseball teams doing? Where?), crossword puzzles (I have forgotten the name of the Sun God!) insults to the lovelorn--that make our Bay Area metropolitan papers such a genuine force in their communities.

They are an unusually purblind bunch, and have resisted most of my efforts, but I have finally convinced them at least to make room for an educational feature that has gained considerable favor across the country--a weekly quiz designed to test the reader's knowledge of current events.

It has elsewhere proved to refresh the mind, promote healthy discussion in the home and save teachers work. All in all, a useful and popular item, as I'm sure you'll agree after trying it.

The format couldn't be simpler. A list follows of eleven statements apparently compiled from recent news reports. You decide which are true and which are false. There are no tricky wordings. Score ten points for each one correct. Answers are at the end of the column.

The Quiz

1. Surveys taken in the South indicate that Hubert Horatio Humphrey of Minnesota is the

Democratic presidential candidate most congenial to Southern Democrats.

2. The National Rifle Association has released the results of an exhaustive study which proves that the risk from the general proliferation of firearms has been vastly overstated and that bullet wounds are ordinarily fatal only in those rare instances when they are received in such vital areas as the head and heart.

3. The man Gov. Rockefeller of Arkansas hired to reform Arkansas Prison System has been fired for uncovering scandals,

including beatings and numerous suspected killings, in the Arkansas Prison System.

4. Mayor Daley of Chicago has stated that, in the event of future civil disorders, his police will be instructed to shoot those they take to be looters, but only to maim or cripple, never to kill.

5. After a recent get-together in New Haven, a group of liberal intellectuals led by John Kenneth Galbraith declared that Gov. Reagan of California is the man they most favor for the Presidency. "We believe," said Galbraith,

"that Reagan's pose as a reactionary is merely a ruse to gain access to circles of power in the best tradition of Fabian infiltration."

6. A committee of prominent citizens, reporting to Mayor Alioto, have told San Francisco how it can make a lot of money by tearing down Candlestick Park and building a new one for \$40 million.

7. An unbiased, three-man Presidential task force has decided that the changes in the draft system recommended by a previous Presidential commission need not be made as the

draft system is perfectly all right as it is. Two of the three members of the task force were then-Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara and Selective Service Director, Lewis Hershey.

Go To Viet Nam

9. In a highly charged emotional atmosphere, members of Congress in joint session last week voted unanimously to resign their offices, form a regiment, go to Viet Nam and, in the words of their leader, Everett Dirksen, "finish it up for Lyndon."

10. In New York, a blind student was classified 1-A by his draft board.

11. Emerging from a secret meeting in Palm Beach, a spokesman for major companies in the automotive, drug, and tobacco industries made public the selection of Ralph Nader to direct the newly funded foundation to protect the interest of the public in the marketplace. "The kind of man," said the spokesman . . .

This joke has gone far enough, right? Obviously, all above statements are false. Upon a moment's reflection, it would be plain to anyone that none of these things could have happened in America.

Yet, because they were presented in a non-controversial manner, couched in prose vaguely resembling news-style, and because the idea that some of them were authentic had been slyly planted in your mind, chances are you marked at least a few as being true. Let this serve as a warning. Many people are trying to undermine your faith. Henceforth, be vigilant.

The Bay Guardian Poetry Voice

Late Summer Night

Cattle in the pastures
and mists after rain
spilling over the meadows

cicada song out of the night
and the chur, chur
of crickets
along the lane

the smell of mares' tails
fills the well of darkness

one last firefly makes light
in the mists --
we are like ships
far out, far out,
signalling each to each
as from Arcturus to Mars,
far out of reach.

-- August Derleth

Small Town Spinster

Sometimes her hair is yellow,
sometimes brown, her stockings sheer,
her shoes run down. The look in her eyes
is distant and a little wild
as she walks the streets of town
up and down, into the library
to check out a book she never reads,
into a store, into a restaurant
for coffee and a cigarette, to sit
and stare into nothing or looking
for something she never puts into words --
a man perhaps -- she's forty or more
and alone, like a lost child,
and restless, restless, unable to stay
in one place very long, out and around
by day and by night, sometimes talking
to herself, or murmuring a song,
her hair a-straggle,
and her clothes seldom neat.
Loneliness walks with her
and darkness is where she goes.

-- August Derleth

Address submissions to Stanley McNail,
Poetry Editor, The Bay Guardian

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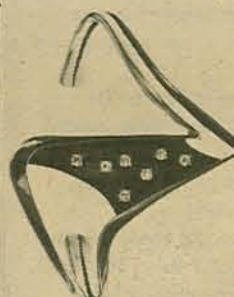
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Say it ain't so, Joe

"It is the conclusion of the committee, after careful consideration, that a downtown stadium would be of overwhelming benefit to the city of San Francisco."

Thus begins "a report to Mayor Joseph Alioto" by the Joint Committee on Spectator Sports Facilities of the Greater San Francisco Chamber of Commerce and the San Francisco Planning and Urban Renewal Association (SPUR).

Taken in whole or in parts, it is a superficial, misdirected report quite unworthy of the

organizations--the Chamber and SPUR--and the men--Melvin Swig, Robert Cardinal, Edward Gauer, William Dauer, Edward Lawson, Justin Jacobs Jr., A. W. Barkan, Robert Lurie, John Hirten and John Jacobs--who put their imprimatur upon it.

As an elementary first question, why does San Francisco need a new \$40 million sports stadium after it spent upwards of \$20 million, incurring huge annual losses to the city until 1993, for Candlestick Park only 10 years ago?

This the report doesn't talk about. Instead, it stresses the maximum accessibility, economic benefits and multiple uses of a new downtown center--all points Candlestick critics hollered about 10 years ago. The least we're entitled to know before we spend again is why this early advice was ignored and why, as Burton H. Wolfe so graphically points out in his superb page 1 story, nobody would move to investigate a rank scandal.

Even the rube doesn't like to get taken twice.

What about Candlestick? Well, the report to the Mayor urges, tear it down and, on the site too arctic and windswept for Willie Mays and Juan Marchal, toss some bones to "the city's most pressing needs" and create a "new, planned community of low and moderate income housing and job-creating light industry."

And, above all, "immediately initiate" construction because we cannot afford to await the bringing in of "additional revenue" to the stadium and new life to the city.

Instead of all this clapper-clawing and tom tom beating, let's get down to some specific answers to some specific questions before we even talk about abandoning Candlestick:

How precisely will the new stadium be financed and how much more stadium debt must the city absorb? How much additional tax revenue will be required? What other city projects will be abandoned to make way for the new stadium? From what city funds will revenue be removed on behalf of baseball and football?

How do we justify a stadium

We approve

As if the June 4 ballot were not weighty enough, San Francisco voters will also be asked to decide on 15 city items: four bond issues and 11 amendments or additions to the City Charter.

On the 15 local issues, it is the bond issues which have received the most attention. (Although Proposition E--which would amend the Charter to allow a business license tax for five years--would have the greatest effect on taxes.)

The proposed bonds:

◆ **PROPOSITION A**--Market St. reconstruction; would make available \$24.5 million for transformation of dirty, ugly Market St. into beautiful, clean Market St. The real cost would be \$33.3 million, if one is so uncharitable as to include the hidden cost of \$8.8 million in interest charges. Notwithstanding that, this item is very much in the long-range best interest of the city.

When (and if) rapid transit is completed beneath Market, the street will be rebuilt, either as it was or as it should be. If old dingy Market is desired, BART will pay for its return; if the new "gleaming" Market is to be built, the city's \$24.5 million, plus BART's money, could do the job.

◆ **PROPOSITION B**--recreation and park improvements; would make available \$14,885,000 for parks, pools, lights and other amenities. The real cost? \$20,243,600, including \$5,358,600 in interest charges. This is a real smorgasbord bond issue--something for everybody, in every section of the city.

It includes a major recreation center for Hunters Point. It also includes long-needed improvements in other parks, among them the restoration of the lovely windmills at the ocean end of Golden Gate Park. If these projects were to wait for financing through normal budgetary channels, they never would be completed.

◆ **PROPOSITION C**--Sutro Baths acquisition; would make available \$5.7 million, with which the city would purchase the ruins of Sutro Baths, the Cliff House restaurant site and adjacent lands now privately owned, at the extreme westerly edge of the San Francisco headlands. The real cost would be \$7,752,000, including interest charges of \$2,052,000. It is hopefully sufficient to note that this magnificent piece of real estate, overlooking Seal Rocks and the long columns of surf, will be turned into an apartment complex if the city doesn't rescue it.

◆ **PROPOSITION D**--sewage and water pollution control; would make available \$17.5 million for new construction and reconstruction of the city water and sewer system. The real cost would be \$23.8 million, including \$6.3 million in interest. What is there to say about sewers?

By and large, the remaining ballot propositions are minor league stuff, little alterations of the City Charter to suit this or that city employee pressure group.

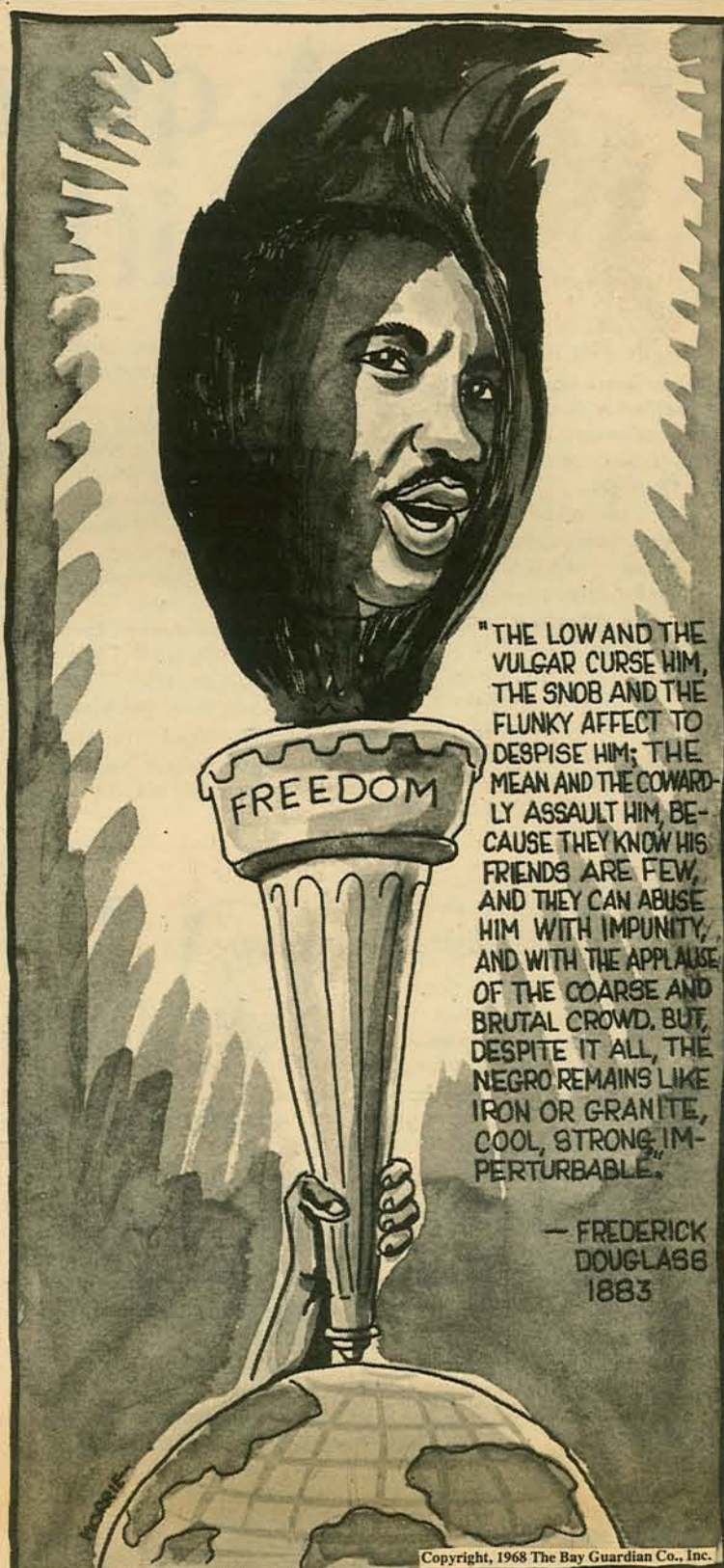
◆ **PROPOSITION E** stands above the rest in its importance. It would, if passed, declare a five-year moratorium on the Charter section which prohibits the city from adopting any sort of business license tax.

Why San Francisco has such a built-in protection for its business community is a question that should have been asked of the downtown lobbyists of years past. Now it must be left to the undoubtedly fertile imagination of Guardian readers. We know of no other city with such a handy device.

It would be refreshing if voters were to suspend those pertinent portions of Charter Section 24--if only until June 30, 1973. The same proposal was offered last year by Supervisor Jack Morrison (then candidate for mayor), but it was defeated by the business community. This time, key business leaders have promised Mayor Alioto they will support the measure.

Alioto has already asked the supervisors to impose a new tax on business, but the Board cannot do so until--and unless--Proposition E is passed.

According to the Mayor, the tax he wants on gross receipts would go most of the way toward restoring the traditional tax balance between residential property and business property--a balance that existed before the assessment restructuring of last year.



"THE LOW AND THE VULGAR CURSE HIM, THE SNOB AND THE FLUNKY AFFECT TO DESPISE HIM; THE MEAN AND THE COWARDLY ASSAULT HIM, BECAUSE THEY KNOW HIS FRIENDS ARE FEW, AND THEY CAN ABUSE HIM WITH IMPUNITY, AND WITH THE APPLAUSE OF THE COARSE AND BRUTAL CROWD. BUT, DESPITE IT ALL, THE NEGRO REMAINS LIKE IRON OR GRANITE, COOL, STRONG, IMPERTURBABLE."

— FREDERICK DOUGLASS 1883

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outlay in these days of urban revolution? When does the city renegotiate the lucrative television rights contract the Giants hold exclusively? And, by the way, just how much will the

Giants, the 49ers and the other beneficiaries be willing to pay?

Say it ain't so, Joe. Say, Mr. Mayor, we're not going to build another stadium until we put first things first in our city.

McCarthy for president

The early months of 1968 have produced one of the most astonishing political revolutions of our time--a revolution suggesting that, despite an insane and unpopular war, despite our most serious domestic crisis since the Civil War, in some great sense our democracy still works.

For months, we seemed condemned in November to choose between two of the most mistrusted American politicians in recent years.

Now the art and mystery of popular revolt in a democratic society has brought forth Sen. McCarthy as a serious candidate, forced Pres. Johnson to withdraw and "de-escalate," called Robert Kennedy, Gov. Rockefeller and Hubert Humphrey into the race. We now have something of a choice.

The preeminent issue still is peace. Peace in the largest sense--reconciliation at home, righting our priorities in foreign and domestic policy, making full citizens of our excluded Americans, beginning straightaway a commitment to urban reconstruction every bit as massive and expensive as our misbegotten commitment to Viet Nam.

The Guardian believes that McCarthy and Rockefeller are the two men most qualified to lead and execute this mission of peace. McCarthy because of

what he is, what he thinks, what he says; Rockefeller because of his position and prestige as a moderate Republican, an urban governor and a politician whose wisdom and courage were put on national display in the 1964 Republican convention in San Francisco.

McCarthy, it is true (as our page 2 story says), will have problems with the minority vote, but it is in some ways a strength rather than a weakness that he has chosen not to enhance what we feel is a good and firm, but not great, civil rights record with the sort of grandstand plays

Kennedy so often makes. He isn't this sort of candidate.

However, McCarthy's civil rights program is bolder and more imaginative than Kennedy's or Humphrey's--in particular on the use of the federal government (not Kennedy's large reliance on private industry) for guaranteed minimum incomes and as an employer of last resort.

We strongly urge the support of McCarthy as the Democratic presidential nominee and Rockefeller as the write-in Republican presidential nominee in the June 4 primary election.

THE BAY GUARDIAN

"It is a newspaper's duty to print the news, and raise hell." (Wilbur F. Storey: Statement of the aims of the Chicago Times, 1861.)

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'Only a competing newspaper can keep another newspaper honest'

By Bruce B. Brugmann

When the Heywood Browns and the Richard Harding Davises, the Scaramouches and the Dogberries of the newspaper business gather together in solemn conclave, as they do at Hanno's bar in San Francisco, Turner Hall in Milwaukee and the Press Club bar in Washington, D.C., one thing is common: most everybody talks about press monopoly, but nobody else does anything about it.

The reason is simple: The rampaging contraction of the American newspaper business has become imbued with the estate and dignity of historical inevitability. It is now a journalistic maxim: If there is more than one newspaper in town, then it won't be long before one begins to slip, advertisers defect and another merger is upon us.

Only through brutal cannibalization have metropolitan newspapers survived the major shift of mass advertising to radio and television and the flight of much of its middle and upper middle class audience to the suburbs. Only 45 cities now have fully competitive newspaper ownerships and gross circulation figures, so often trumpeted as signs of health and prosperity, are maintained by a second growth of new dailies that are little more than undistinguished out-

The daily competitive newspaper has gone the way of the homing pigeon and the buffalo lap robe, but there is now hope that in its place will grow the roots, trunk and branches of a sturdy grove of new, competing newspapers: the metropolitan weekly, fortnightly or monthly newspapers.

This is the new frontier in American journalism.

For it is now possible, in the vast no-man's-land left by this sorry record of merger, consolidation, abandonment and betrayal, to establish a strong quality newspaper that can be published with a relatively small capital outlay, with few of the disadvantages and many of the advantages of daily publishing and with a realistic chance of editorial and financial success.

The larger point is not that strong competitive papers can be started, and once started kept going. This has been shown, to each its own, by the Village Voice in New York City, Cervi's Journal in Denver, the Texas Observer in Austin, the Los Angeles Free Press and many hippy and New Left publications busy with the salvation of humanity on many fronts. The point is that some sort of competitive press must be established, like copperheads behind enemy lines, to challenge the monopolies in news coverage and editorial commentary in their local

These remarks were excerpted from a recent address, titled "Toward a Two Newspaper Town," delivered by Bruce B. Brugmann at the annual Dean Stone awards banquet at the University of Montana School of Journalism in Missoula, Montana.

Brugmann, 32, is the founder, publisher and editor of The Guardian. He made similar remarks to a recent San Francisco meeting of the Northern California chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, national journalism fraternity. Copies of his complete address are available upon request from The Guardian, 1070 Bryant St., San Francisco.



tion facilities and business managements while remaining "independent" (in quotes) in news and editorial policies. There are 20 such agency arrangements on the boards, with more waiting in the wings.

The act would overturn the federal judicial decision that the Tucson agency plan, in effect since 1940, violates anti-monopoly law. It would insure the power of such two-headed monsters to fix circulation and advertising rates and to allocate markets so that their publishing puissance would forever be preeminent and the threat of daily competition would forever be effectively foreclosed in their communities.

More: this act would establish in every last remaining

began hollering about the evils of agency monopoly, the public didn't get particularly exercised. They knew the anti-monopoly talk would end as soon as the strike did, which was the case, and that there wasn't much they could do about it anyway.

Merge and maximize

The compulsion is to merge and maximize profits, not to put out a better paper or to cultivate the public interest.

Whatever happens, publishers get their money back fast. How much we don't know, it is interesting to note, and unions discover to their chagrin in bargaining, because newspapers as private, usually closely held corporations never disclose their profits or keep them carefully concealed in other properties, as does Hearst, or in non-profit corporations.

There is more to this open move to perpetuate the company newspaper town: this is that, if Congress swallows this "failing newspaper" act and allows this special exemption from the anti-monopoly laws, there will be little anti-trust barrier left to restrain the big monopolies from gobbling up the circulation and advertising of its smaller neighbors. If joint managements can use forced combination ad sales and exploit the use of zones editions, what case does the government have in restraining single ownerships from using them to prey on smaller neighboring competitors? And thus to accelerate the cannibalism even further?

Nobody will be very safe

Whether the cat gulps the canary by outright purchase or by joint agency agreement, the result is, in effect and in perpetuity, a public utility that is exempt from public regulation--because this would be a violation of the First Amendment.

There you have it. In each monopoly community, the solus newspaper enjoys the sort of power Southern Pacific once had in California, Anaconda Copper had in Montana, the Rockefellers had in oil, Carnegie had in steel. I do not overestimate: for these four titans have fallen on harder times, but there is little reason to believe that monopoly papers ever will be displaced as Barons on the crag: exempt from government regulation, freed from private competition, answerable only to a small group of stockholders. That the single owner is be-

nign and honestly trying to put out good competitive papers, as in Milwaukee (Wis.) with the Journal and the Sentinel, or that the joint management is so doing, as in Madison (Wis.) with the Capitol-Times and Wisconsin State Journal, is beside the point.

No community ever should have to rely upon the caprice of anybody, or a single corporate entity, for the information and the news it needs to govern itself and, as de Tocqueville put it, "to maintain civilization." Everybody should have ready access to a great, free, vital, living stream of facts, information and conflicting opinion.

Cuddle up

This, of course, is what is pledged whenever two publishers cuddle up in a joint agency. Each publisher pricks his index finger with a pin and writes in blood, in a front page editorial oath that both papers will retain complete editorial independence and separate identities, which at the time nobody much believes and which everybody finds out later is pretty much nonsense.

Both publishers also coo and bellow that, without the messiness of competition, their papers will now be able to carry even more news than before the merger, which is like the ice cream parlor announcing it will put another dip of ice cream and a maraschino cherry on each cone now that it has bought out the stand down the street. It just isn't done in the ice cream business and it isn't going to be done in a newspaper business that still claims it cannot pay a newsboy the minimum wage for delivering your newspaper to your front door nor pay a reporter enough to keep a wife, two children, a couple of big cigars and a case of Sebastiani Barbera 1912 in the cellar.

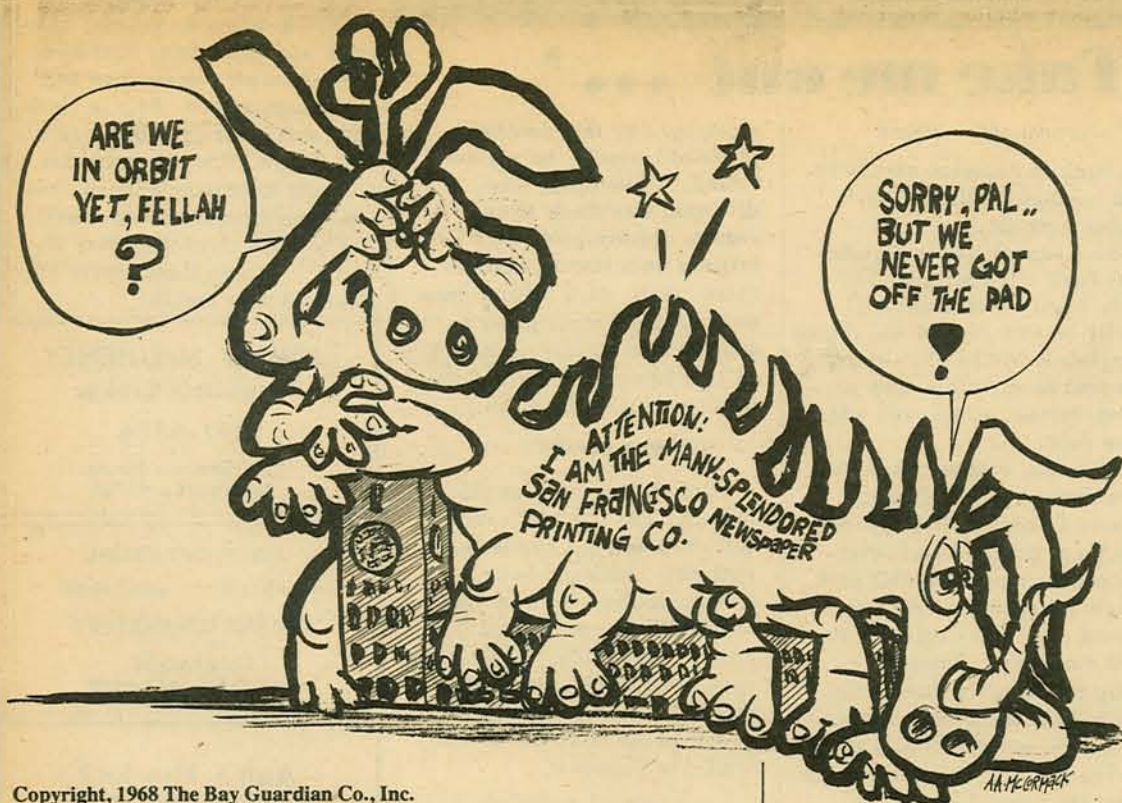
Remedies?

What about government regulation? Intolerable. The political cure would be worse than the disease. Union crusading by the ITU or the Guild? It will never come to pass. A code of ethics? Moonshine, said H.L. Mencken years ago and he's still right. A strong professional association independent of management and the guild, as suggested by Louis M. Lyons and in England by Sir Francis Williams? A good idea, but a long while off. A review board to regularly render collective judgment on the press? A good idea rising from the 1947 Hutchins Commission report on the press, but not likely to have much influence even if it is established over the stout objections of the media.

No, it is obvious that none of these remedies will be of much effect. For in the long haul only a competing newspaper can keep another newspaper honest: not a television station, not a magazine, not a review board. Only another strong and influential newspaper. This I submit as Brugmann's Law in Journalism.

In any event, the defense of journalism as more than a bus-

—continued on page 15



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croppings of the move of retail merchandising to suburban shopping centers and bustling suburban main streets.

More mergers will come if Congress approves the "failing newspaper act," one of the great legislative sleight of hand maneuvers of our time.

More and more

This, in a nutshell, is how things stand in the daily newspaper business: we read more and more copies of fewer and fewer newspapers. Not only this: the fewer and fewer newspapers look more and more and read more and more the same. Lop the flag off the papers in your journalism library and I defy you to tell me which papers they are or where they are published.

feudal baronies.

Let me explain this point of necessity. Until now, the big publishers have: (a) pretended the decimation of the daily press wasn't happening; (b) pointed to it, not with alarm, but as documentary evidence of competition so ruthless and so fierce that only the fittest (that is to say: them) survive.

Now a group of them are seeking to remove forever and anon, once and for all, any future threat of daily competition by the hocus pocus of the "failing newspaper act" now in majestic debate before Congress.

The bill was introduced by Sen. Carl Hayden (D-Ariz.) and 14 other senators who represent states where competing daily newspapers share produc-

bastion of competitive journalism an almost irresistible attraction to "fail" and merge. Even if the competitive publisher is making money, he can make much, much more money by merging with his competitor into a joint agreement, combining production facilities, using the same delivery trucks, putting together a whopping advertising rate, jacking up circulation prices and tossing out as few bones of news as he chooses.

Large advertisers and their agencies, as they testified in

the Tucson case, don't mind the merger because it makes easier their job of handling and placing ad lineage. Readers have to take what they can get and, even when the unions in the recent San Francisco strike

Why Alice doesn't dig Weber



Fong Wan now 86 on May 11th. From 1953 to 1967, five times people told other people either stupid or swindlers for benefit, said Fong Wan was dying. He is still lively and full of pep. His intelligence is 100% good. Predicted in his horoscope to live to 93 years old. Wrote a book of Diabetes in 1963 and every two weeks a new article for advertising. Many advertisers telephoned to ask who wrote the advertisements, it's the best. Fong Wan wrote them himself. He is very glad to see his friends especially people near his age.

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By Wilbur Wood

Max Weber's paintings stand very still in their frames. They do not sweep you inside them to follow Alice, your missing daughter.

If a Wonderland lies in these flat paintings, it is buried too deep in the canvas for its outlines to show. The eyes pass over them as if greased, and do not return.

Eighty-seven of Weber's oils, gouaches, pastels and drawings busily fill up three airy rooms at the Legion of Honor. It is mostly a waste of space.

Walking through these rooms is like beginning to walk through the history of modern art and ending suddenly in old age. Your shoulders slump, your eyes flicker across each work briefly, you've seen it all somewhere else, and better.

Number 61, a nude, has the unmistakable lines of Archipenko; number 62, "Joel's Cafe, 41st St. and 7th Ave., New York City" is matter-of-fact Toulouse-Lautrec. And this idea is from Miro, and that one from Klee,

and those from Braque, Modigliani, Max Ernst.

But unlike the great borrowers (Shakespeare is a great borrower, right? right), Weber borrows without energizing his imitations and making them his own.

Sometimes he even imitates badly: "Bathers and Sails" takes Picasso's bathers, puts them in an unexceptional landscape in bad scale; the sails, poking out of a blue cove in the background, seem to be Weber's idea of an original contribution. They are merely arbitrary.

"Burlesque" borrows from Marc's blue homes (look at the eyes), but at least here Weber has his own subject matter. That's unusual. From this exhibit, Weber appears to have spent his long career (1881-1961) imitating his peers and generally just keeping busy.

"Colonial Nutcracker" is a lithograph, a side view of a stub-nosed dog with an over-sized tail. The tail is the nutcracker. I suppose this could be a funny object, in a limited way. But Weber does nothing with it, has no attitude toward it; he ends by simply imitating it, too.

I'd rather see the original object. I'd rather have another window in my wall than almost any Weber there.

Whimsy

If you have too many windows in your house, drive over to Mills College in Oakland. Eight prospective M.A. students have put together a show worth seeing, largely because of Sherry Haxton's whimsically humorous ceramic sculptures.

The little pink labels beside Miss Haxton's clay and glaze

forms are fun to read; "Spring among the stripes," says one; "Queen of the mole hill or perhaps of the little red wagon," says another. With only a few exceptions, the pieces are as witty as the titles.

And sometimes they are disconcerting. "Myself considered as the Monster in the Foreground" is from a Jack Gilbert poem (Miss Haxton borrows several titles from Gilbert's poetry): it looks like a mushroom stood up lopsidedly on one edge. It has two legs. You keep glancing over your shoulder at it.

"Clude" is a narrow, enigmatic, Etruscan-looking object that appears to be laying an egg in a round nest of grass. "Turtle" is a shell with six green vinyl legs blurring out of an opening. The approach throughout is light, varied, inventive, original.

Uncultured hand

Even the more serious pieces are playful. "Enriched and Encircled" is a dome covered with splotches of purples, greens, blues, and yellows, and large open areas through which two-dimensional children cavort energetically and starkly. Miss Haxton told me she did these children with her left hand. She is right-handed, and her left hand has never grown up and acquired Culture.

And that's good.

The tension between two-dimensional drawings and the three-dimensional form also works in my favorite piece, "An End to Innocence/The Age of Reason." This is a surrealist dream on a lopsided pastel dome. Alice would DIG crawling around on it, shaking hands with the ca-

mel, fleeing the green snake, cuddling the baby, assembling the jigsaw puzzle.

Bork?

"Bork," croaks the title of a nearby rooster-shaped pot, not pretentious, just there, not giving up an inch of the space it arranges around itself.

The Mills Gallery is open from 1 to 4 every afternoon except Monday. The campus is deep in trees and coeds. The art show has some other fine things, too:

Hollis Anderson's metal sculptures, including an abstract nude hanging on a wall, a beautiful form that attempts to be major and would be except for the excessive, jarring colors that obscure the lines; wrong choice of color is a problem Anderson must deal with.

Everett O. Snowden's ceramic environments--inch-or-two-high cave men wading into a body of water that could be a river or could be the sea (that green lip curling over itself, across the water from the men, could be an opposite shore or a fine surfer's wave: a positive ambiguity); or the same figures transferred to a 20th century football field, muddy and exhausted.

And, briefly, the other five: Gary Canapero's technically flashy but thematically unresonant Pop constructions of moths and motors and things; Susan Laufer's competent color wood-cut illustrations to Hannah Green's "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden" that, however, rarely rise above the book's subject matter to a less literal essence of their own; William Wilke's violent, impatient juxtapositions of interesting shapes but annoying colors on canvas, mas-onite and other stuff; Kathleen Adair Brown's Renaissance trip--big canvases of "Roman Holiday" and other cherubic orgies that do not allow the uncluttered areas to breathe enough, but are often fun to follow around. The Mills show ends May 12--hurry. Weber's show leaves May 19--hold your breath.

'Take me out ...'

—continued from page 6

the Bank of America executive who handles Stadium, Inc.'s trustee account.)

Some annual loss on Candlestick Park will continue until 1993, when the stadium will finally be free of debt and owned completely by the city--unless, it is torn down before then or reconstructed, which will add more debt.

There was another interesting development at Candlestick: Stevens California Enterprises, which got the food and beverage concession at the ball park, bought all its milk until two seasons ago from Christopher's milk company, Christopher Dairy Farms. The Borden Co. now has the lucrative contract.

Even though city Hall and the newspapers were misstating facts about the Candlestick story, San Francisco restaurateurs, hotel owners and shopkeepers at least began to realize that they were not making any money from the ball park, as promised by the ballyhoosers. Only the Giants, Hamey, and Christopher were making money. The Giants were attracting few additional tourists to San Francisco, and area fans who journeyed to isolated Candlestick Point, several miles away, did not stop to patronize downtown establishments. Some downtown business men were angry, and if North's crusade were given time and publicity, they might cause an uncomfortable controversy.

Christopher sent emissaries to North, but he would not be wooed or pressured from his stand. To the contrary, he made even more vigorous attacks on Christopher and the ball park deal. The lives of future generations had been

mortgaged by this shoddy piece of business, he maintained. Christopher was diverting city funds from various departments--\$1.4 million from street improvement bonds, \$1.2 million from state gasoline taxes given to the city for road improvements, \$1.5 million from sewer bonds--for services to the Giants' ball park.

A hidden payoff?

Already the cost was \$15 million, and it might exceed \$20 million when various exits, entrances, widened access streets and the like were built to handle the anticipated large crowds. Privately, North informed civic and business leaders that there was an underhanded payoff in the deal and he intended to expose it.

—continued on page 14

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Joyful, and artistic vulgarity

By Douglas Giebel

The San Francisco Mime Troupe is one of the most potent and important forces in this country's theater, a group whose revolutionary zeal really can liberate the spirit.

Sparked by the artistic vigor and cleverness of Ronnie Davis, the Mime Troupe is beginning its seventh season of commedia dell'arte performances in Bay Area parks. The actors are dedicated (some of the hardest-working performers I've ever seen) and this year their schedule is ambitious.

Penetrating Oakland

"We're doing two separate shows," Davis said, "and we're spreading out into more areas: Mill Valley, Canyon, Walnut Creek, trying to get through the 'hamlet' called Oakland."

Davis has chosen "Ruzzante," a 16th Century comedy by Angelo Beloco, and "Patelin," the classic medieval French farce. Both plays have been adapted by Joan Holden, a sunny, delightful girl who did last season's highly acclaimed "L'Amant Militaire."

"The form of the message is political," she told me, "but I guess the real message is that you can do what you want, you can live a new life."

Under Davis's guidance, the Troupe has not only revived commedia, it has shaped it into fresh and brilliant theater related directly to our times.

Critics happy

Ross Wetzsteon, one of the most literate of Village Voice writers, has called Davis a "genius" and found the Troupe's recent New York showing "one of the half-dozen most memorable theatrical experiences I've ever had... The tambourines and drums, the farcical hysteria, the hilarity of content and joy of performance reach Dionysian proportions." (See Voice, Nov. 30, 1967.)

Critic Michael Smith was "astonished by their excellence," and in the London Times, Henry Popkin raved about the group's ability.

Not everyone has been delighted by the Troupe's presence, of course. There are the legends of performances in courtrooms and legal battles with worried college officials.

Probably the most mind-bending of these was on the Fullerton campus where President Langsdorf would have permitted the Troupe to perform only in a locked classroom with administration officials and the district attorney in attendance--provided that everyone (cast and audience) agreed not to discuss the performance outside the classroom. (They performed in an orange grove next to the school, then were

allowed on campus this spring.)

Flowers and asphalt

The most significant revolution brought about by Davis has been the "opening of the parks," and the stimulation of street theater.

For some time the S.F. city establishment has frowned on Mime Troupe activities, but this summer our Recreation and Park Department will sponsor three different performing groups in local playgrounds. Certainly the Mime Troupe showed them the way. Times they are changing, and for Davis "theater can be an example of change, if it does what it preaches, if its content is as radical as its method of delivery, and if its promotion is as radical as its content and style. We are doing what others should do. We will tell and teach others to do it."

Mime Troupe charges into its seventh 'liberating' season

I asked Davis which theater groups he most admired, and he named the Berliner Ensemble, Living Theater, Roger Planchon, the Bread and Puppet Theater of New York, Teatro Campesino, and "Che Guevara dead in Bolivia."

"Bourgeois art talks about politics as something separate from art. But art unrelated to activities in the social conscience and the life of the community is dead art--conservative, reactionary, ultimately an obstacle to change. Che Guevara killed by American CIA agents is more food for the artist than Edward Albee's 'Castration Problems in American Society.'

"But do I feel that theater must be political? No. It must be revolutionary. Anything less is a cop-out to fag thinking."

In addition to its commedia work, the Mime Troupe is presenting puppet shows and is forming a marching band, although, as Joan Holden said, "right now our energy is spent looking for a building. We need 5000 square feet for office and rehearsal space." Then she grinned, "And we want to do a circus."

Joyful and vital, the San Francisco Mime Troupe is vulgar in the most artistic way, and vulgarity is not pornography. It is, my grandmother would have said, "earthy humor." It talks to us and about us. It is something many tight-faced Americans find alien to their systems, but it is real, human, of the people.

After seven tough and sometimes unrewarding seasons, the pioneering Mime Troupe is still presenting "free, subsidized culture for the multitudes." This year they've been invited to some important European festivals, and if they can raise the money, they'll go.

When they return, let's all go out to meet them at the airport, o.k. Mr. Mayor?

"THE GIRL IN THE FREUDIAN SLIP": I promised the press agent I'd review this one. So, to coin a phrase, TGITFS is a compendium of cliches. Fortunately not much talent has been wasted.

THE MISSION PLAYHOUSE, directed by Yvonne O'Reilly, is presenting "Pinocchio" every Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock (362 Capp). The show features two four-foot marionettes surrounded by live actors. Take all the kids on the block.

THE THEATRE (2980 College, Berkeley) will offer Moliere's "Scapin" beginning Fri., May 10 at 8:30. Thereafter it plays Wed. thru Sat.

MAME, currently at the Curran, reflects the dismal condition of the American musical. Less inspired than "Hey Nonny Nonny" of 1923, this show-biz epic is saved only by the performers: Angela Lansbury, Jane Connell, Stuart Getz, etc. The script is devoid of honest emotion, a carpentry of sure-fire vacuousness.

Jerry Herman's music and lyrics are thin echoes of his "Hello, Dolly" exclamation point material; Onna White, usually brilliantly inventive, has concocted routine dances, unworthy even of the work she did in "Whoop-Up," and Philip J. Lang's orchestrations buzz, rattle, and shake like Saran Wrap.

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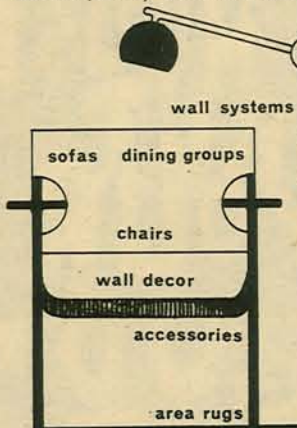
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The Bay Guardian May 10, 1968

page 11

Awful moment in 'Mame'-- Miss Lansbury cake walks

By Rolfe Peterson

"Mame," Curran theater, SF
"Misanthrope," Geary theater, SF

I'm almost disappointed to report that *Mame* is a good, solid musical. I expected to enjoy hating it the way I enjoyed hating *Hello Dolly*, a similar show built around an over-ripe star, superficial comedy, tawdry spectacle and music by Jerry Herman.

I remember "Auntie Mame" as a funny book, but the subsequent play was false and unfunny, and the movie was simply repulsive.

But in the musical version, I find the perfect form for this collection of caricatures. The

comedy that becomes tedious in the play has been ruthlessly cut to make room for the songs, which are not grade A but are good grade B. The lack of subtlety that characterizes musical comedy calls for the broad, farcical stroke that this thin material deserves. And the result is some good songs, some good dances, and, as far as plot and character go, some good, quick, simple laughs.

Mots are funny

The book is far from brilliant, but in the hands of skillful performers like Angela Lansbury, Anne Francine, Jane Connell, Charles Braswell, Cathryn Damon and Gordon Connell, even the pedestrian mots sound funny.

There was an awful moment in the "Mame" number when the tempo quickened, the volume rose, Miss Lansbury and her admirers began a simple cakewalk, and the audience burst into spontaneous applause.

Praise is due Gene Saks, who directed *Mame* with fast pace, occasional restraint and rare dependence on cheap tricks like the timing of the cakewalk or the repetitious flinging of the arms with which Mame deli-

vers many of her laugh lines.

Foams too much

After *ACT's* sensational success with Moliere's *Tartuffe*, it seemed a natural to take on *The Misanthrope* with the same kind of style, verve and fun.

Where the fun is missing in *The Misanthrope* is in the leading role, which Barry MacGregor plays with considerable skill as a foaming fanatic. But this fanatic foams too much, and so tediously, that we find ourselves enduring rather than enjoying him.

Rene Auberjonois as Tartuffe demonstrated that a Moliere caricature can be funny as well as nasty. Under direction that fails to perceive this necessity, MacGregor simply rants on and on until we shift in our seats and wish for less satire and more comedy.

Don't try harder

Herman Poppe is perhaps the only performer who manages this viable combination of social comment and downright funniness, and Mark Bramhall gets some of it into his effeminate fop. Michael Learned, as a foolish middle-aged female, gets it occasionally.

The *ACT* is worse when it goes all out to be funny. The more wildly it lets itself go for laughs, the more strained the atmosphere becomes, as in the interminable laughing scene in "Twelfth Night."

This time it's an interminable bit of disrobing by a clownish servant played by Michael Lerner. It is designed as a welcome change of pace from all those rhymed couplets being spouted by all the cast, and so it would have been, if it had only been funny.

Plays like *THE MISANTHROPE* are the essential business of repertory theater, and this attempt is a worthy one.

If it had only been funny.

Baseball is not dull, it is insufferably dull

By Gideon E. Forsythe

If detachment, far from the maddening crowd, is what one needs to become the unchallenged dean of all American baseball critics, then I am unchallenged.

For I have achieved detachment of a rare order: I have not attended a major league baseball game, or a college baseball game, or a Little League baseball game, or a sandlot baseball game, or even so much as one cretinous inning of one-o-cat, since the 18th day of the 7th month of the 1966th Year of Our Lord.

In brief, I managed to give the entire 1967 season at Can-

to celebrate the fact that some wahoo on the baseball diamond has fouled off 37 pitches and then struck out.

That's excitement? That's diversion? It is not. But try to tell the wahoo next to you that. You can't. He's too busy having what may be termed home-team orgasm because Juan Somebody-or-Other (the Dominican Dandy) has just whiffed (as we critics say) another enemy batter. Even though it took him 14 minutes and eight intimate conversations with the catcher to bring it off.

This goes on in each of 164 games, for three and a half and even four hours. It will, in time, make an honest man out of you--as it did me.

There are those who will tell you that baseball's fascination lies in its slow and loving attention to every detail. They will tell that an infinity of lore, of arcane knowledge, has led the portly manager to his decision to move Willie What's-His-Name two feet back and three feet to the left when So-And-So came to the plate.

They will tell you this endlessly, compulsively, like a man picking his nose at a cocktail party. Do not believe them, because they deal in fraud, and in sham. It is best, when they begin, to seek the company of others.

The greater share of the game of baseball is blind, simplistic luck. The game is played by men of good coordination and much less-than-average intelligence.

* * * *

As I suggested, it took me a long time to arrive where I am now, vis-a-vis baseball. It can be traced back to my days in high school. I then thought I had a good curve ball. In the first game I started, I got nine batters out in a row. In the fourth inning, I got bombed. I never got anybody out ever again.

talking sports



dlestick Park a miss. And the way things are going right now there is a good chance that, this year, I shall make it two seasons in a row. This, despite the presence in 1968 of two major league baseball teams in the Bay Area.

At first it was hard. I had twinges of guilt. But now it is easy, and every day it gets easier. It has been rather like those long journeys through adolescence to freedom.

You want to know why? It is because baseball is dull. Cooperstown is not a shrine, it is a monument to monotony, the greatest that man has ever devised. And that's saying a lot.

Baseball is not just plain dull, it is insufferably dull. You suffer, you writhe in pain and frustration when some wahoo next to you in Section AA, Upper Deck, drops a half-eaten, mustardy hotdog down the back of your neck simply

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McCarthy and the Blacks

—continued from page 2

ther Party support?

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No comment.

A matter of marketing

"It's quite obvious that most Negro leadership has gone for Kennedy," says Supervisor Jack Morrison, another co-chairman of McCarthy's San Francisco organization.

Why?

"Because of the way the two candidates merchandise themselves: Kennedy perpetuates his sainthood image and the JFK legacy. McCarthy tends more to reason calmly and deliberately with people on the issues."

A recent poll taken by McCarthy headquarters revealed two interesting trends: (1) Kennedy is by far the more popular among Negro voters, and (2) the vast majority of Negroes are united against the Viet Nam war.

"If we can relate the issue of civil rights to the war in Viet Nam," Morrison says,

"we will be in a better position to win a larger segment of Negro support."

Supporters like Jack Morrison realize they have a long way to go in a short time if McCarthy is to reach a strong civil rights bargaining position by the national convention deadline.

Despite the outcome of the first real McCarthy-Kennedy

confrontation in this week's Indiana primary, McCarthy supporters are hopeful and undaunted.

"I remember well the Democratic convention in 1956 when Kefauver came in after virtually sweeping all the primaries," says Terry Francois. "And he got wiped off on the first ballot. Anything can go during the convention."

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Foxes and Funnymen

By Margo Skinner

(The Fox, Cinema 21)
(The Battle of Algiers, Richelieu)
(No Way to Treat a Lady, Regency)
(Elvira Madigan, Music Hall)
(Funny Man, Surf)

D. H. Lawrence might be a bit shocked at the cinema version of his novella, *THE FOX*, which contains, in addition to the by now conventional heterosexual bedroom scene, some lesbian lovemaking and a beautifully photographed autoerotic sequence featuring Ann Heywood nude in front of all full-length mirror.

Ellen (Miss Heywood) and her friend Jill (Sandy Dennis) are co-owners of an isolated farm. Ellen is manifestly no dike but she does the outside work, chops wood, carries a rifle. Jill's the little homebody, whose main occupation seems to be muffin-baking.

Their relationship runs from anger and schoolgirl affection to erotic overtones. Their life is threatened by the fox, "the symbol of the male" as the ads say, which attacks their poultry but which Ellen can't bring herself to kill.

A rapt confrontation between woman and animal later is echoed between Ellen and the stranger, Paul (Kier Dullea), whose eyes are as alien and intense as the fox's.

Symbolism is sometimes obvious but visually magnificent: the fox as natural force, not merely an animal; Jill's dying flowers; the great tree that ultimately kills her.

This natural world has the vividness of Lawrence's poetic writing. Direction, music and photography are excellent.

The difficulty is with the people. In this cosmic battle of the sexes, the hero is a blown-up wish-fulfillment of Lawrence himself, and the women are flat as paper dolls, despite good acting. This is the world of a man so Oedipally obsessed he could never understand a living woman.

The renewed vogue for this self-appointed English erotic messiah is another indication of the degree of maturity in our society, where the screen often appeals to voyeurs, pornography shouts from bookracks and people have to organize for sexual freedom.

THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS deals with another kind of organization for freedom. This Italian film is so realistic that it must announce at the beginning it contains no documentary or newsreel footage.

Ongoing revolution

The "battle" actually is an on-going struggle for independence in Algeria led by the FLN (National Liberation Front). Sporadic terrorist acts preface organized guerilla warfare, a general strike, seeming defeat by French parachutists, and—in a triumphant ending—open revolt with the masses of the Casbah streaming into the French section, women shrieking, men shouting slogans.

A young Algerian petty criminal seems at first to be the protagonist, but once he joins the underground the central figure becomes collective: the FLN. Acted so well it seems life itself by the North African and European cast, directed and produced by the brilliant Guido Pontecorvo, *BATTLE* is almost a new genre. Nothing is prettied up, it is recreated history, with vivid human touches.

A young Algerian girl looks questioningly into a mirror as she applies makeup for the first time—for her mission to blow up a colon cafe.

A French policeman saves a native child from vengeance-mad men after a racetrack explosion.

A drunk is terrifyingly mauled and taunted by children as part of the FLN's campaign against

European corruption of the people. 'How to do' series

BATTLE also is a short course in revolution. Its detailed exposition of tactics and organization was watched sympathetically by a mostly young audience—including a number of Negroes—the night I saw it.

NO WAY TO TREAT A LADY has a Freudian gloss that is unconvincing. In reality, it's a good old-fashioned detective story—at moments very funny—with Rod Steiger as a lady-killing strangler. Steiger enjoys himself in a number of disguises, from a cheerful Irish priest to an unconvincing female.

He even imitates W. C. Fields over a phone, and it's a pleasure to watch his quick changes.

George Segal was surprisingly (to me) good as the shy Jewish detective who ultimately gets the killer in that old standby, a chase in a deserted theater.

Lee Remick is brittle but generally convincing as Segal's girl. It's refreshing to see a nice old-fashioned love scene between them: the hero kisses the heroine shyly, then forcefully, and does not mumble all over her face making spit.

Good characterizations by the middle-aged victims help make this a fun picture—despite some holes in the plot, a painful Jewish momma, and a tasteless scene with the talented dwarf Michael Dunn.

Film Festival audiences last year admired both *ELVIRA MADIGAN* and *FUNNYMAN*. Both are worth a second viewing.

The critics who call *ELVIRA* "the most beautiful film ever made" have reason. This bitter-sweet Swedish romance based on a 19th century true story has been reviewed here earlier. Pia Degermark is the rope-dancer heroine who elopes with a young officer; the young lovers move through sunlit fields to the soaring music of Mozart.

Though the world crashes in, lyricism persists to the end; Elvira dies trying to capture a butterfly.

FUNNYMAN also has a lovely ending. Jerome Kory's charming picaresque of an actor's search for artistic identity in San Francisco has Peter Bonerz starred as a comedian in a group resembling The Committee.

Bonerz is dazzling as he wanders through a vividly captured North Beach; flirts with the Mad world of advertising; has a one-nighter with a secretary (Manuela Ruecker) who congratulates him on joining The Establishment.

Eventually he meets a tranquil painter (Arthur Okamura) and his model (expertly played by the Mime Troupe's Sandra Archer), a wise and lovely woman. And he realizes where it's at.

Funny, sad and tender. Some reviewers labelled it plotless. It's life, man. I like it a lot.

Grover Sales, dragon-slaying drama critic for San Francisco Magazine, now is a prophet in his own country: without honor. His special mention in the Illinois San Prize for Critics of the Fine Arts was reported in the New York Times and studiously ignored here by friends and enemies alike. Neither the Chronicle/Examiner, nor San Francisco Magazine, has yet found space to mention it.

--CHC



By Creighton H. Churchill

Like a big happy bear, JIMMY WITHERSPOON rumbled into THE TRIDENT in Sausalito and started singing. Several ladies at front tables slid into advanced rapture. Backed by the DON SCALETTA TRIO, Witherspoon swung from "C C Rider" through "Kansas City" to a raffishly apt "Past 40 Blues." Unlike Arthur Prysock and others, Witherspoon does not restrain his big voice but pours out power, from high tenor wails to low rolling notes that jerked one secretary-type into nervous pat-pats at her blonde hair. Originally a down-home blues singer, Witherspoon has grown into a modern, up-swing stylist. His slow ballads scramble around the melody while faster songs, like "Kansas City," remain straight and hard-driving. The Scaletta Trio, with composer-leader on piano assisted by bass and drums, is a good jazz group on its own. Cool and quiet, the Trio opens with several tunes, then Witherspoon slams in. Two shows nightly, dinner show at 9:30. The food is good, the view is spectacular.

Floating on a pontoon barge, trailing electric cords for their amplified steel guitars, the Tonga Trio braves a plumbing rain-storm and stands in the middle of the old FAIRMONT HOTEL indoor swimming pool, twanging for the guests and dancers at THE TONGA ROOM, the Fairmont's venture into Trader Vic country. One secretly hopes that one of the Trio, while strumming his electric uke, will stick his toe into the water and discover a final "lost chord." But no luck. Forgetting the music, the Tonga Room is no longer hokey after a quarter-million dollar renovation job that turned it into a superb decorator's concept of a South Sea Island wharf area. Filled with massive wood ship's masts, rigging and railings, littered with thatched huts, centered around the disguised pool, the Tonga Room is an experience. Of just what sort depends on what you order. The food is only passable, the service at times rotten. You can easily spend \$20 per couple for a mediocre Chinese sweet-and-sour style dinner. The Mai Tai style rum drinks (\$1.50 to \$2.50) are good, though. Throughout dinner fall "thunder-showers" created by someone with little knowledge of modern light shows. The "rain" is nice but marred by noisy plumbing. The waiters seem untutored, pouring a chilled rose wine before serving dinner and while rum drinks were still much in evidence: a strong assembly-line feeling. Patrons are largely tourists, for unless you are entertaining a visiting Chicken Pluckers Convention there's little reason to make dinner a repeat stand. Such is not the case, however, for after-theatre drinks, snacks and dancing. Here perhaps the Tonga Room has a function. Drinks and a snack would run around \$6. No cover charge, no minimum.

AUDIUM is a light show for the ears. Wired together by Stanley Shaff and Douglas McEachern, Audium is a series of sound compositions on tape, run through mixers, filters and finally a sound-source placing console, which assaults an audience deep inside a speaker-environment. It's all in total darkness, so the audience's only reference points are the sounds themselves, a shifting mosaic of intensity and subject. A controller sits with the audience and feels out its moods and reactions, then dials various speakers and volumes. As with most electronic music, there comes a time when the mind screams out for coherence, for some skeleton or melody line on which to hang sanity. Of especial interest then is the ability of the sound systems to recreate in toto a scene, like a railroad yard or a waterfront, built from multi-track recordings made on location. When played back through a dozen speakers in a blacked-out room, after listeners have been softened up with several highly atonal electronic fragments, the "scenes" leap vividly to life, the ear clutching at familiar sounds, the mind adding color and form. Staged in an admirably planned house at 309 4th Ave. in San Francisco, 8:30 and 10:45 on Fridays. Be on time. Admission is \$2.

Cyborgs are stranger than mothers-in-law; formerly creatures of science fiction, the Cybematic Beings now live among us, running multiversities or being gubernatorial candidates. JOHN ROBINSON, one of San Francisco's better young playwrights, puts a cyborg to work at the GOD'S EYE THEATRE, Stanyan and Frederick in S.F., in a playlet called "PARKER." It opens upon four humanoid-dummies in chairs, then traces the career of Parker, a cyborg created by the "research project." The "project" is made up of live actors, and they interact with the humanoids and, via a beautifully funk-art headgear on an actor, transfer "humanness" to Parker and birth him to the world, a computer-controlled entity ready to become President. The very appropriate sets, computer breakdowns, a death-rebirth-orgy scene with the dummies, some pointed slams at the automated age of anxiety—all these help make the play enjoyable. "MOVING BENCHES," a second Robinson playlet sharing the bill, finds three stoned people, Maggie McOmie, playwright Robinson and longtime God's Eye associate Geno Havens, tripping in Golden Gate Park. With three benches representing their boat to a mythical Zanzibar, the three struggle through a multi-level jealousy scene, illusion fighting common sense, competition slicing up friendship and love. The combat is marred by cliches, from Albee-like bitching and a bastard child to the Zanzibar-paradise-goal bit, but it's still entertaining, and has a groovy girl-giving-birth-on-stage gig for voyeurs in the house. God's Eye itself is a small multi-tiered theatre with the action in the center. The troupe is probably the most creative of current underground theatres. Performances on Thurs., Fri. and Sat. at 8:30. For only one dollar a head a wiggish way to spend a thought-disturbing evening.

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—continued from page 10
Christopher reacted vis-
cerally to North's charges. With
newspapermen present, he
asserted North was "drunk,
incoherent, and fixable." The
description was published in the
newspapers.

North went to Nate Cohn,
one of the foremost criminal
lawyers in California, and
they filed a \$2 million libel
suit against Christopher. In
a pre-trial hearing, Christop-
her's attorney filed a thick
brief with 45 motions for dis-
missal of the suit, hoping to
tie up the case inextricably.
In just an hour and a half,
Superior Court Judge Preston
Devine threw out all 45 mo-
tions, indicating clearly that
Cohn and North had a good case.

Breaking down north

Christopher's friends in the
business community went to
work on North. The publisher
of one of the three daily news-
papers, North told me, called
on him and said: "Henry, why
don't you play ball? You're
giving the city a bad name,
stirring things up like this."

Take me out to the ball game

At the Pacific Union Club
across the street from the Fair-
mont Hotel on Nob Hill, where
North was already in disfavor
for bring Jewish guests despite
the no-Jews-allowed policy,
fellow Republican business
executives started a snub-
North routine. One day, for
example, an old business
friend greeted North:

"Say, Henry, I see in the
papers there's some fellow
named Henry North filing a
suit against the mayor and stir-
ring things up. Must be another
Henry North in this town, huh?"

"No, that's me," North told
him.

"Is that so?" the old friend
said. He turned his back on
North and never spoke to him
again.

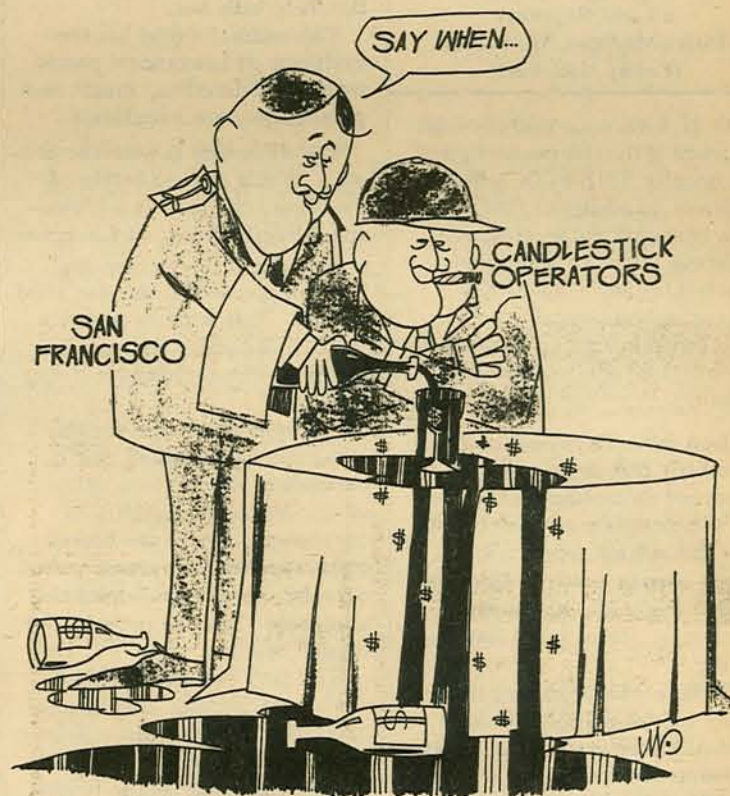
I talked to North several
times during the siege because
I was publishing articles about
Candlestick Park in my mag-
azine, *The Californian* (now
defunct). In those days he was
full of fight, willing to take
on City Hall and the entire
business establishment even if
it meant losing every friend
he had. He promised to tell
me the names of the men in-
volved in the payoff, and he
excoriated Christopher.

"You know what I call men
like George Christopher? Black
Republicans. Men who never
did anything in their lives for
the good of the common people.
They've never realized that
this country as a whole is no
better off than the great
masses of its people."

The Fateful fifth

Then they went to work on
his wife. Unlike Henry, she
was not involved in politics
and her life revolved around
her friends and social affairs.
Her friends snubbed her and she
no longer received invitations.
She cried, she pleaded, she
begged Henry to call off the
ball park investigation and the
law suit, when that did not
move him, she threatened him
with divorce. Henry began
hitting the bottle.

On June 2, 1960, shortly
after I published a detailed
article by Lewis Lindsay called
"The Giants' Ball Park: A \$15
Million Swindle," the press
broke the story that North had
"buried the hatchet" with Chris-
topher. In its first edition, the
Chronicle correctly reported
that North and Christopher had



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drunk a fifth and a half of Scotch
together at Christopher's home,
praised each other for publica-
tion--"he's a great mayor,"
North said--and agreed that
legal entanglements were fin-
ished. The *Chronicle* dropped
mention of the Scotch in later
editions that went to most of
its readers.

Cohn was outraged. "We had
this suit won," he told me.
"North assured me he was going
through with this no matter what
happened. But they got to him
through his wife, the poor old
bastard. You see how they do
things in this city? It's so god-
damned rotten you can't believe
it."

When I called on North again,
I found a complete transfor-
mation in his appearance. The
look of a peppery fighter with
ruddy cheeks had given way to
a physical wreck, a baggy-eyed,
tired, meek looking man
weighed down by defeat.

The saddest part of the story
was that his wife divorced him
anyway. Not long afterward,
North died of a heart attack.

Harney died in December,
1962.

With North out of the way,
with the daily newspapers
blacking out the most impor-
tant parts of the Candlestick
Park story, with *The Californian*
reaching only a few
thousand citizens, it looked
as though the scandal would
never be investigated. In an
effort to stir up something, I
personally appeared before the
Finance Committee of the
Board of Supervisors and urged
their help. One committee
member, Al Zirpoli, had said
before that he would favor an
investigation.

No committee member
challenged any facts I pre-
sented. When I finished,
John Jay Ferdon, Committee
Chairman, said only that he
would not favor an investiga-
tion. He did not say why.
(Six years later, when he had
become District Attorney, he
told me I was right about Can-
dlestick.) Zirpoli, later to be-
come a federal judge and the
judge to hear draft resistance
cases, said, "I agree with what
Mr. Ferdon says." He sugges-
ted "If there is wrongdoing,
your best course of action is a
taxpayer's suit."

I went looking for wealthy
liberals to finance a taxpayer's
suit, but none were in season.
Cohn would have taken the suit
if I could have found somebody
to pay him for his time. All
that he could do now was take
me to business friends and in-
troduce me.

The typical reaction came
from Sam Cohen, owner of a
plush restaurant on Maiden Lane
who was passing out copies of
my Candlestick Park issue to
friends as proof of how rotten the
ball park deal was. He said:

"Sorry, Burton, I can't get in-
volved. Do you know what
Christopher can do to me with
his power at City Hall? A
Health Department inspector
can find something wrong with
this restaurant any time he
wants. A door is too narrow,
my stove does not meet regu-
lations, anything to run me out
of business. That's how they do
it. You can't fight them."

Since nobody in the city
would fight, I asked Sen.
Estes Kefauver, chairman of
the Antitrust and Monopoly Sub-
committee of the Senate
Committee on the Judiciary,
to investigate. He replied:
"As interesting as a study of
how the San Francisco ball
park deal took place would be,
I do not conclude that it is
a matter that should be gone
into on the federal level. I
think that it is entirely a local
or state matter and that the
Subcommittee would perhaps be
criticized if it moved into this
area."

Now another ballpark

Here we are eight years
later, with a Candlestick Park
that enrages so many people
that a new mayor, Joe Alioto,
wants to scrap it for a new
stadium. His announced phil-
osophy is that great public
projects should not be waylaid
"just because all of the people
aren't getting enough spaghetti
and zucchini." And no doubt
many San Franciscans believe
that a ball park is a great public
project, greater than a school,
housing complex or a modern
transportation system. That
attitude could be the most
tragic part of this story.

(See editorial, "Say it ain't so,
Joe," on page 8.)

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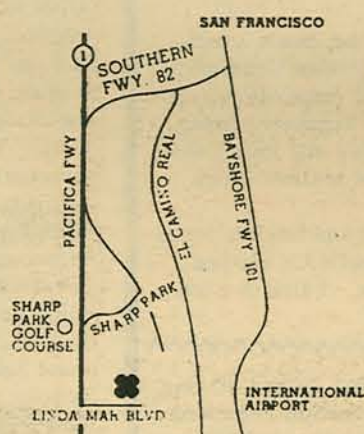
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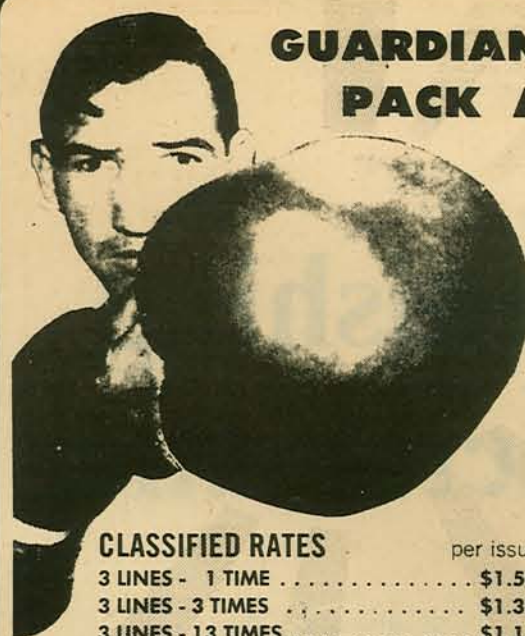
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'Only game in town'

—continued from page 5

Last week, Dell and Gregg came to see me in my room. We talked about the racial situation, mostly. We remembered a time during the project when an IBM recruiting man talked to the boys. That was the time Dell stood right up and asked the man if IBM would hire a person like him.

Yesterday afternoon, my doorbell rang. Gregg was standing on the stoop. Dell been busted. They say he was carrying a gun. He wants you to come see him.

The word is action

So I'm not thinking much about training programs or equal opportunities any more. I'm thinking about Dell and the others. Where are the gates for them?

The boys don't put it like that. They say: Where is the action?

Well, for them, the action is in crime, withdrawal, riots. We may not think much of that kind of action, but for them it's the only game in town.

Merged papers

—continued from page 9

It is they who must understand that many (certainly not all) of the basic problems of the business are attributable to the exigencies of business monopoly as applied to the gathering of information and the dissemination of opinion which once was considered so important that it was granted Constitutional privilege and protection.

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